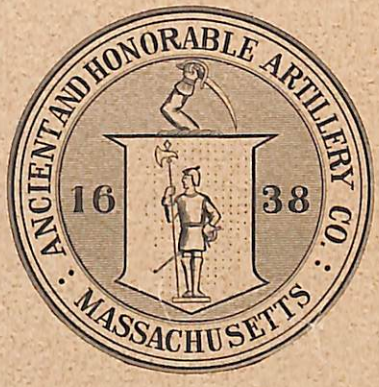
THE

TWO HUNDRED AND FORTY NINTH

ANNUAL RECORD

OF THE



1886-1887.

SERMON

By Rev. BROOKE HERFORD,

OF BOSTON, MASS.

BOSTON:
ALFRED MUDGE & SON, PRINTERS,
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OF MASSACHUSETTS,

1886-7.

FALL FIELD DAY PARADE.

THE celebration of the fall field day parade of 1886 was in many respects widely different from that of any of its predecessors. Custom had provided that this excursion, in nearly every case to a city more or less distant, should include a parade, usually under the escort of the military of the city visited, and a banquet or ball in the evening, at which the invited guests were generally very numerous; so numerous, in fact, often were they, that in many instances it seemed more as if the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company were exerting itself for the pleasure of the residents of the city visited than enjoying a trip of its own. But on the trip of this year things were reversed, and the company sacrificed the *eclat* which numerous invitations to take part in its festivities would give, for the enjoyment which would be gained from an excursion, almost entirely confined to its own members, to the White Mountains, at the season of the year when a trip to a mountain region seems particularly appropriate. Indeed, the only gentlemen invited to accompany the command were representatives of the Old Guard of New York, without whose presence a trip of the Ancients would hardly seem complete, and the invitation was availed of by but two members of the sister corps, — Lieut. W. D. Sheldon and Private Walter Scott. And this change was especially noticeable at the banquet. In previous years, speeches from distinguished visitors have formed a prominent feature of the after-dinner proceedings; but upon this occasion the post-prandial oratory, except for a speech from Lieut. Sheldon in responding for his corps, was confined entirely to members of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company. Another innovation, and quite a popular one, was the presence on the trip, and at the banquet, of a number of lady relatives of members of the command. It has not been unusual, on previous fall field day parades, for ladies to accompany the Ancients on the ex-

cursion, and their presence was always little less than a necessity when a ball formed a part of the programme. But upon no previous occasion had the ladies been invited to be present at a banquet, and the innovation in their favor, extensively availed of, was looked upon by them as one most desirable and a practice which should be repeated in future years. The ladies taking part in the trip were: —

Mrs. Thomas F. Temple, Mrs. William H. Jones, Miss May Milliken, Mrs. D. H. Maynard, Mrs. H. L. Perkins, Mrs. George E. Hall, Mrs. Witherell, Mrs. Henry A. Root, Miss Mary S. Root, Mrs. A. E. Proctor, Mrs. Kendall H. Damon, Mrs. David O. Clark, Mrs. F. M. Trifet, Mrs. G. A. Thurston, Mrs. J. M. Smith, Miss Nellie J. Smith, Mrs. William T. VanNostrand, Mrs. Emery Grover, Mrs. Thomas Emerson, Mrs. J. Chancellor Crafts, Mrs. Thomas H. Harding, Miss Jennie A. McDonald, Mrs. Jacob Bensemoil, Mrs. F. F. Olney, Mrs. Charles W. Woodward, Mrs. J. E. Kinney, Mrs. Henry F. Wade, Miss Hadley, Mrs. John Thomas, Mrs. Frank E. Sanderson, Mrs. F. W. Goodwin, Miss Annie Abbott, Mrs. Edgar M. Platt, Miss Bella Pratt, Mrs. J. B. Hathaway, Mrs. Martha B. Green, Mrs. L. C. Durkee, Mrs. Edwin S. Barrett, Mrs. R. S. Byam, Miss Ella R. Byam, Mrs. Dexter Pratt, Mrs. D. A. Snell, Mrs. William H. Gwynne, Mrs. Isaac D. Dana, Mrs. J. Owen Littlefield, Miss Fannie B. Fottler, Mrs. John Rindge, Mrs. M. J. Grodjinski, and Mrs. Henry N. Cass.

Monday, Oct. 4.

With every expectation of a most enjoyable visit to New Hampshire, and under atmospheric conditions unusually favorable, the members of the corps intending to take part in the excursion reported at the armory, Faneuil Hall, at an early hour on the morning of Monday, Oct. 4. The orders detailing the arrangements for the parade required that they should report at seven o'clock (line to be formed an hour later), and at that time a large number, nearly all indeed who intended to parade, were present. The formation of the infantry wing, made just before eight o'clock, and based upon twelve files front, exclusive of guides, took place in the upper hall by Adjutant Thompson, while that of the artillery wing, upon a similar basis, took place in the lower hall by Sergeant-Major Keeler, under the supervision of Second-Lieut. Savage. About 8.15 A. M., the corps left the armory, under the command of Capt. Thomas F. Temple, and, without waiting to make the usual formation in South Market Street, began the march to the Boston and Lowell Depot. Music was furnished by the Salem Cadet Band of twenty-six pieces, Jean Missud, leader, and four members of the First Regiment Drum and Fife Corps, under the command of Drum Major Clark. Marching by way of State, Washington, Merrimac, and Portland Streets to the depot, which was reached at 8.35 A. M., the corps presented an appearance which drew forth frequent marks of commendation from the spectators

who lined the streets, and its evolutions, made under the influence of a clear, frosty, bracing air, were more than usually good. One feature of the passing through State Street was that the band played the new march which bears the name of the adjutant of the company, Capt. N. A. Thompson.

At the depot, everything betokened the departure of a military company from the city; and had it not been that thoughts of war were then far from the minds of American citizens, and that the different colors and styles of uniforms indicated to a casual observer that many corps must be represented, one might easily have imagined that a Massachusetts regiment, with more than the ordinary proportion of men of mature years, was departing for the scene of conflict. The arrangements here were in charge of Lieut. E. A. Messenger, of the Committee of Arrangements, as assistants to whom Lieut. William P. Jones and Edward E. Allen had been specially detailed, and everything was admirably carried out. The ladies who had previously arrived had, when the company reached the depot, been escorted to seats in the cars provided for their accommodation; the baggage had been carted from the armory, and was being rapidly stowed away in safety; and when the members of the company had boarded the train, which was done expeditiously and without confusion, everything was ready, and the prompt departure of the "special" rested entirely with the railroad officials. A number of members who, while desirous of taking part in the excursion, did not wish to don their uniforms and parade with the company, joined the party at this point. At 9.51 A. M., within one minute of schedule time, the special train, which consisted of eight passenger cars, three of them Pullmans, and a baggage car, pulled out of the depot, and the journey was begun.

The trip to Fabyan's, the destination of the travellers, was devoid of more than ordinary interest. The first stop was at Lowell, the run from Boston to which city occupied thirty-five minutes, and the next at Nashua, which was reached in fifty-nine minutes from the time of leaving Boston. Stops were also made at Manchester, Concord, Lake Village, and Plymouth, which was reached at 12.20 P. M., and where a wait of an hour for dinner took place. The arrangements for the trip provided that this meal should be served at the Pemigewasset House, which forms a part of the depot; and leaving overcoats, sabres, and accoutrements in the cars — the rifles having been previously placed in the baggage car — with an assurance from the train hands that they would be perfectly safe, the travellers hastened up the flight of steps leading from the depot platform to the hotel, and found everything in readiness for them. Even as they stood outside the dining-room door, signs of preparation for their arrival were visible. Over the entrance were tasty decorations of autumn leaves, and the initials of the name of the visiting company appeared in bold relief. The interior of the dining hall had also been under the hand of the decorator, and here extensive decorations, mainly of cut and potted plants and autumn

leaves, were to be seen. From the centre chandelier ran four festoons; baskets of plants hung from the other two chandeliers; on the tables were bunches of cut leaves; and, in the corners of the room, boughs, covered with autumn leaves, were tastily arranged. The effect of the whole was very pleasing, and the harmonious blending of the variegated hues of the autumn leaves was particularly noticeable, and formed the subject of frequent remark. Waiters and waitresses there were in plenty, but the rush necessarily caused by the sudden arrival of over three hundred persons — for the party had been considerably strengthened in numbers by accessions at Lowell and other places — resulted in short waits, which, to the hungry travellers, seemed of great duration. Abundant time to make a hearty meal had, however, been looked out for, and there was ample opportunity for every one to partake of an excellent dinner before continuing his journey.

The special train, with the Ancients and their guests on board, left Plymouth at 1.22 P. M., two minutes behind time. A quick run to Fabyan's was made, and, after one or two stops, that place was reached at 3.55 P. M. To judge by the number of faces that looked out from the windows and the piazza of the hotel, whose distance from the depot is but two or three hundred feet, and from the number of people who stood on the depot platform, nearly every one resident or visiting at this mountain resort must have turned out to welcome the arrival of the famous military company of Massachusetts. Leaving the train without delay, the ladies were escorted to the hotel, followed by the members of the command, who wore civilian dress, and the company formed on the depot platform, marched over in column of twos, headed by the Salem Cadet Band, which played inspiring airs. In front of and facing the hotel the command was drawn up, and respects were paid to the colors. Ranks were then broken, and the military exercises of the day were at an end.

Here, too, elaborate preparations for the visiting military had been made, and decorations were noticeable in various parts of the building. The rotunda, to the travellers, bore an inviting look. In front of the two pillars just outside the main entrance were great stands of grasses. Festoons of mountain evergreens connected the several pillars and the ceiling, while baskets of ferns and other plants hung from the points where the festoons touched the latter, the whole having a very pretty effect. Over the clerk's desk to the right upon entering, over the telegraph, news and knick-knack desk to the left upon entering, and over the entrances to the main halls, branching off to the right and left, were festoons and other decorations of mountain evergreens, autumn leaves, and similar decorative material. At the entrance to the dining-room, which faces one as he enters the hotel by the main doors, was profuse ornamentation of very much similar character to the other decorations on this floor, and including Japanese fans, hanging baskets of ferns, etc., ivy leaves, and boughs of orange-trees, the last named hung on each side of the

door and having near their tips a few partly dried-up specimens of oranges in their early stage of growth. The entrance to the main parlor was ornamented with grasses, mats, and Japanese fans. In the parlor were festoons of evergreens hanging from chandelier to chandelier, with baskets of ferns and other plants suspended beneath them, and similar baskets hung from some of the chandeliers which were not otherwise adorned. Up-stairs, too, across the entrance to the large window recess, were festoons of evergreens.

Many of the Ancients had, while on the train, been furnished with cards bearing the numbers of their rooms, and this foresight avoided much of the confusion that would otherwise have occurred upon their arrival. But even as it was, the clerk's desk was thronged for some little time after the company reached its destination by Ancients eager in their desire to learn just where they were to be located. Half an hour, however, more than served to dispose of this business, and the baggage, having before then arrived, was taken to the rooms occupied by its owners. Some little time was spent in clearing away the traces of the six-hours' ride, and the intervening time before the banquet hour was largely occupied in promenading the wide piazzas which surround the hotel on three sides, and enjoying, in the fast-deepening gloom, the mountain scenery which was on every hand.

Mount Washington, with its top obscured by clouds, was naturally the main point of attraction, and various conjectures by Ancients, previously ignorant of mountain scenery, as to the distance of the renowned mountain from the hotel, or of its height, brought out stories of the deceptive idea of distance which is to be gained upon a first view of such a scene, and of the totally different idea of the time which would be taken in climbing even the lowest of the mountains to be gained from a previous estimate and from actual experience. But the hopes of those who looked for a fine day on the morrow, so as to be enabled to catch a glimpse of the surrounding country from the top of Mount Washington, climbed, not as Mark Twain climbed Mount Blanc, by means of a telescope, but by means of the little railroad, that triumph of engineering skill, or from observation cars, to revel in the beauties of the Crawford Notch, seemed then likely to be disappointed. The gathering clouds, apparently heavy with rain, gave evidence of coming wet weather, and it looked somewhat as though this fall field day, like so many others, would be marked by a downfall more or less severe. The prophecies of some, that you never could tell in this region anything about coming weather changes, tended to raise hopes, which were, however, only rudely shattered once more by the predictions of people at the hotel, that it really did look as if rain were sure to follow. Inside the hotel al was light and glee. In the main parlor, where the band was playing suitable airs, were numerous Ancients and ladies, nearly all intent upon the pleasures of the evening and the prospects for excursions on the next day. Time went very pleasantly until near the hour

announced for the banquet, and then the company gathered in the main parlor. Here they formed by twos, and marched into the dining-room, the doors of which were thrown open at 6.20 P. M.; the band, stationed in the rotunda, meanwhile enlivening the proceedings with various airs, and other visitors or residents at the place standing near by with interested looks.

The appearance of the dining-room was alone calculated to cheer the spirits of the Ancients, dampened by the weather indications, and to increase the appetites of themselves and their guests. The decorators had been busy, and the harmonious blending of the rainbow-hued autumn leaves, in direct contrast with the sombre hue of the mountain evergreens and the lighter color of the potted plants, gave to the room an appearance of adornment which closer examination only confirmed. Briefly put, the decorations were as follows: Between the windows autumn leaves were arranged. From one pillar to another was suspended a festoon of evergreens, which was then carried to the ceiling, thence to a third pillar, along to a fourth, and then back to the first pillar, with a junction at the ceiling midway, and potted plants were hung at these junctions and also from the pillars. On the tables were bunches of autumn leaves and cut plants, while beside each plate was a button-hole bouquet. The tables in the dining-room had evidently not been arranged with a view for convenience in after-dinner oratory, for, short and oval, they were placed in the way usual in hotel dining-rooms. But the change from the long tables, with a raised table on a platform at the end of the room, was one that met with very ready acceptance, and was generally considered to be quite agreeable. The fact of ten persons occupying one table, and being to a certain extent separated from the rest of the banqueters, had its charm, increased by its novelty in the history of Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company banquets. That the force of waitresses at the hotel had not been deemed sufficient, and that the neighborhood had been scoured for help of this kind for this occasion, was the first thought of a good many of the Ancients, and was deepened or lightened by the varying success which attended the efforts of this corps of assistants, all prettily dressed in white, in responding, as quickly as possible, to the orders which showered in on all sides. Commander Temple sat, back to the aisle, occupying the end seat at one of these oval tables, and the past commanders who were present were seated near him.

The menu cards indicated, to some extent, the martial character of the visitors, for on their face appeared an engraving representing a soldier, attired in the uniform worn by the Massachusetts militia until the recent change by the adoption of helmets, and in full marching order, on guard at a camp ground; while near this representation of the soldier element in the old Bay State were a flag, drum, and trumpet. On the reverse side the cards bore an inscription which read: —

BANQUET OF

ANCIENT AND HONORABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY OF BOSTON,

FABYAN HOUSE, WHITE MOUNTAINS, OCT. 4, 1886.

Upon opening the card there appeared the following: —

MENU.

BLUE POINT OYSTERS ON THE SHELL.

GREEN TURTLE AUX QUENELLES.

SAUTERNE.

Boiled Kennebec Salmon, with French Peas.
Sliced Tomatoes. Potatoes, Duchess. Celery.

Boiled Capon, with Rice, Cream Sauce. Beef Tongue.

ROASTS.

Ribs of Beef, Dish Gravy. Turkey, Cranberry Sauce.
Rhode Island Goose, Apple Sauce.

Braised Fillet of Beef, Chateaubriand.
Small Patties of Sweetbreads, à la Poulette.
Fillet de Caille, Parisienne.
Apricot Fritters, Glacé, au Maraschino.

Roast Prairie Chicken, Larded, Bread Sauce.
Roast Mallard Duck, with Guava Jelly.

ST. JULIEN.

ROMAN PUNCH.

GALATINE DE VOLAILLE.

FRIED EGG PLANT, TOMATO SAUCE

Boiled and Mashed Potatoes. Spinach. Lima Beans.
Stewed Tomatoes. Bermuda Onions.

Chicken Salad. Lobster Salad.

English Plum Pudding, Brandy Sauce.

Apple Pie. Mince Pie. Chocolate Cake Pie.
Lemon Pie. Sponge Cake. Angel Cake.
Fruit Cake. White Mountain Cake.
Boston Cream Cakes.

PIPER HEIDSIECK.

Sherry Wine Jelly. Snow Cream. Champagne Jelly.
Lemon Jelly. Velvet Cream.
Claret Jelly.

VANILLA ICE CREAM.

Pears. Apples. Grapes.
Assorted Nuts. American and Sage Cheese.
Confectionery.

CIGARS. TEA COFFEE.

For an hour and a half the hum of conversation, the clatter of knives and forks, and the hurrying of waitresses went on, and then, the excellent and substantial bill of fare having been properly discussed, some after-dinner speaking took place, — although under rather disadvantageous circumstances, by reason of the position of the tables, — and was interspersed with music by the band. Commander Temple addressed the company while standing in the centre aisle; but with scarcely an exception, the speakers who followed him availed themselves of the advantage which was to be gained by standing on a chair placed in this aisle. He called the company to order at 8.05 P. M., and when the applause which greeted his appearance had subsided, and three cheers for him had been given, said: —

Ladies and Gentlemen of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, — I desire to congratulate you on the favorable manner in which our committee has carried on the fall field day up to this occasion. I also desire, in behalf of the ladies, to extend to the company their thanks for this innovation on our former programme. They also are very desirous to know in what manner we celebrate our festivities, and they have requested me to introduce to them our distinguished orator, the Past Commander from Lawrence, Major Merrill. [*Continued applause and cheers.*]

RESPONSE OF MAJOR MERRILL.

Mr. Commander and Fellow Ancients, — I very much prefer to listen even to the Babel of three hundred voices of the Ancients, than that they should listen to a single voice that comes from me. [*Cries of "No, no!"*] I confess, while I agree with the Commander, that I have been disappointed thus far upon this trip of ours into the mountains of New Hampshire. I expected that when the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company came up here, in all the glory of the gorgeousness of their variegated uniforms [*laughter*], and with all the memory of two hundred and fifty years clinging to them, even the mighty hills would bow their heads in reverence to the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company. [*Laughter and applause.*] They have failed, so far as I have noticed, to do anything of the kind; and I give to the hills of New Hampshire fair notice that at the next regular meeting of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company I am going to move a resolution of censure against the mountains of New Hampshire. [*Laughter and continued applause.*] We have come out from our usual formality of the fall field day into this temple of nature, but we have brought along with us our own Temple, which we believe will rival that of anybody else. [*Cries of "Good!" and applause.*] We not only have brought with us our ladies, — an innovation which I believe the company will find so pleasant that they will repeat it again and again in the years to come, — but we have here these white-robed young ladies from the neighboring boarding schools [*great laughter and applause*], who have come in to wait upon our tables. It is certain that the fame of the Ancients had penetrated even into the hills of New Hampshire. [*Applause.*] I think we ought to be congratulated on coming in this beautiful season of the year, when the dying autumn is flashing back its defiance into the teeth of the coming winter, when the leaves of the forest are turning into their magnificent yellow, crimson, gold, and royal purple, as if the very flaming banners of the skies had been let down, and from mountain-side to mountain-side there flashed back and forth a thousand kingly welcomes to the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company. [*Applause.*] Coming among the hills of New Hampshire, with our weight of nearly two hundred and fifty years, I can only hope — and I don't propose to tire my fellow Ancients, most of whom had much rather talk one to the other than to hear me talk to them — coming here, as I say, I can only express the hope that when the hills of New Hampshire, by the action of time, wind, rain, and storm, shall have been levelled with the valleys of the Merrimac and the Connecticut, the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company shall still flaunt their banners upon the autumn air. [*Great applause.*]

The COMMANDER. — Gentlemen, seldom have the Ancients been out within the last few years without having with them the manly form of our friend Major McLean, of the Old Guard of New York. [*Great applause.*]. Although he is not with us to-night, I am happy to say that that corps, to whom this company is so strongly attached, is represented by Lieut. Sheldon, who will respond for the Old Guard. [*Great applause, followed by three cheers for the Old Guard.*]

RESPONSE OF LIEUT. SHELDON.

Gentlemen of the Ancients, — I can hardly thank you strongly enough for this magnificent reception. [*A voice, "Get on a chair, Old Guard."*] I thank you more than words can tell for this magnificent reception of our old battalion. We are a small corps, and cannot compare with you in numbers, but if you will visit us, we will try and show you that though small in numbers we are indeed great in deeds, and every Ancient and Honorable Artilleryman that ever visits the city of New York is more than welcome to the Old Guard armory [*applause*] and to every single member of the Old Guard that is in it. First, last, and all the time in the category of the Old Guard are the Ancients. We love them. I thank you, gentlemen, for the kind reception you have given me, and I only regret that our Commander, Major McLean, is not here to respond more fittingly to this toast. But it was impossible for him to leave, and I convey to you his regrets that he could not be here with you to-night. Thank you. [*Applause and cheers for the Old Guard.*]

The COMMANDER. — We are indebted for this magnificent occasion more particularly to the chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, Capt. George A. Keeler. I beg leave to present to you Capt. Keeler, who will respond for the ladies. [*Great applause, and cheers for Capt. Keeler.*]

RESPONSE OF CAPT. GEORGE A. KEELER.

Mr. Commander, Ladies and Gentlemen, — Had I thought that the penalty of being chairman of the Committee of Arrangements was that I should have to make a speech, I certainly should have been very cautious about accepting the position. But he is no Ancient who cannot say at least something to such a charming sentiment as "The Ladies." [*Cries of "Good!"*] Gentlemen, the Committee of Arrangements have made one mistake this trip. They did not bring with them any flowers. But these charming young ladies dressed in white [*applause*] have clothed our tables with beautiful autumn leaves, types of their varied beauty. We have with us on this trip the rare flower, however, a flower which seldom appears at the boards of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company's table. Every nation has its fair flower. Scotland has its thistle. We remember the forget-me-not of Germany. We remember the daisy and the

rose of England, and we recall — how can we forget? — the lily, the tiger lily of France. We remember, too, the shamrock, the delicate shamrock of Erin go Bragh. But, gentlemen, higher than these, on the very edge of the glacier, grows the rarest flower in Switzerland, the rarest flower in Europe, the rare Edelweiss. But higher than these, higher, higher than the daisy or the rose, higher than the lily or the shamrock, higher than the highest of all, stands that perennial flower, the flower of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, — a fair woman. [*Loud applause.*]

The COMMANDER. — Gentlemen, I have the pleasure of presenting to you as the representative of the staff, Dr. F. H. Mullen, our Acting Assistant Surgeon. [*Applause.*]

REMARKS OF DR. MULLEN.

Gentlemen, — I am going to give you this in brief and to the point, if the band does play. This order of the old Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company does remind me of the Mullen Club. I have joined the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, and I have met the Old Guard of New York, and I have found them mine and they are with me. [*Applause.*]

The COMMANDER. — Ladies and gentlemen, I beg leave now to present to you Lieut. J. Henry Taylor, First Lieutenant of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company. [*Applause and cheers.*]

SPEECH OF LIEUT. J. HENRY TAYLOR.

Ladies and Gentlemen, — I am requested by the Board of Management to state that although the show has but just begun, it is about half over. Izaak Walton has said that there is no berry like the strawberry. [*Laughter.*] There surely is no company in existence like the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company. [*Applause.*] It is all very well to be in the mountains of New Hampshire and to have a banquet; but this company represents something more than banqueting. It represents the readiness to support the arms of the civil law in all controversies. [*Cries of "Good!" and applause.*] From the beginning of the United States, the founding of Harvard College, to the present time, it has always been ready to support the civil authorities. Its officers have been merited and noted in all the wars from the Revolution down to the present time. We represent more than banqueting. We represent that which is ancient and honorable. [*Cries of "Good!" and applause.*] And whenever the Commonwealth of Massachusetts has found it necessary to call on the military arm of the State to support the civil law, the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company has never been found wanting. [*A voice, "No, sir!" and applause.*] In the late Civil War, in every war in which this country has signified its approval, the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company has supplied officers and privates to support that arm. As a young member of the company, I do not feel that I ought to take the time of its members. [*Cries of "Go on!" and applause.*] Heretofore, the company has ascended to high points, but it has never ascended to so high a point as Mt. Washington. [*Applause.*] Washington, who is the father of these United States [*applause*], and the best father in the United States. [*Applause.*] We mean to-morrow to ascend to the top of Mt. Washington. [*Applause.*] Washington, who was the father of our country. [*Applause and three cheers for Washington.*] And now that he is gone, we are the fathers of our country. [*Applause.*] I will not take your time any longer, but I now desire to have Capt. Whittemore speak to you. [*Applause, and three cheers for Capt. Whittemore called for by Lieut. Taylor.*]

The COMMANDER. — I have the pleasure of presenting to you Past Commander Whittemore. [*Applause and cheers.*]

REMARKS OF CAPT. AUGUSTUS WHITTEMORE.

Mr. Commander, Gentlemen of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, and Ladies, Sisters, and Wives of this noble Company, — I am surprised to be called upon to make any remarks after the flowery oratory of Major Merrill [*flowers and autumn leaves were presented to the speaker by Major Merrill*], and when you might listen to the mellifluous poetry of Major Stevens. Gentlemen, I am proud to be here clothed with these laurels. I had not been notified by the Commander that I should be called upon to make a speech, or I should give you a set speech [*and autumn leaves were pressed upon the acceptance of Capt. Whittemore, until he was nearly lost to sight beneath the mass of foliage*]. But your time is precious. Why should I further occupy your time?

The COMMANDER. — Gentlemen, I beg leave to ask your attention for a few moments to our Second Lieutenant, Lieut. Savage. [*Great applause and cheers for Lieut. Savage.*]

SPEECH OF LIEUT. SAVAGE.

Comrades, — Your greeting is particularly gratifying. [*A voice, "Of course it is."*] It is highly appropriate that the oldest military company upon the American continent should celebrate its annual autumn festival amid the eternal hills of New Hampshire. [*Applause.*] And we, claiming, and rightfully, to be the oldest military company within the limits of the nation, must recognize that long before the date of our charter, these noble hills themselves existed. Long before the persuasive tongue of Columbus induced the good Queen Isabella of Spain to grant him those ships with which he might discover the Western continent, these same hills reared their heads toward heaven. Long before Charlemagne expelled from the fair fields of France the invading and barbarian hordes of the northern country, still these same hills existed; and before the Man who died on Calvary promulgated those grand truths which revolutionized the creeds of more than four thousand years, had lived, still these same mountains paid tribute to the same great Being. [*Applause.*] Yet there are certain features of antiquity to which this company can lay claim, that do not belong to these same eternal hills. Long before that great man, who first conceived and first accomplished the freedom of this country from the enslaving thraldom of Great Britain, had lived, long before he had given to that great mountain upon the East his name, the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company had lent to the affairs of state, to the affairs of the nation, their influence and their guidance. [*Cries of "Good!" and applause.*] Long before that great apostle of liberty from France had come to this country, yielding both the fortunes of his life and his purse to the success of the Colonies, long before he had seen the light of France itself, long before he had possibly given to that great mountain upon the West his name, the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company had conceived the principle and the spirit of liberty, and for it they had contended. [*Cries of "Good!" and applause.*] The names of Calhoun, and Clay, and Webster, call up to our minds a generation that is past and gone. Yet long before they or their parents had lived, the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company had formed a part of the great political system of the Colonies and the country. [*Applause.*] And, gentlemen, I predict that the star of our fortune is still in the ascendant, and so long as the Republic lasts may the shadow of our influence and the shadow of our responsibilities and duties still lean toward the western horizon. [*Great applause and cheers.*]

The COMMANDER. — I beg your attention for just one moment longer, while I have the pleasure of presenting to you Col. Henry Walker. [*Applause and cheers for Col. Walker.*]

REMARKS OF COL. HENRY WALKER.

Members of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of both sexes [*laughter and applause*], — I congratulate you. I don't propose to make a long speech, but I mean to tell you that however much I admire Major Merrill's eloquence, — and I admire it as much as anybody, — I differ from him entirely. He says the Ancients came up here, — something about the ladies here present, that they came here because the fame of the Ancients had come here. I say the Ancients came here because the ladies were here. [*Great applause.*] I say that they knew that these fair blossoms of New Hampshire, fair as the hills they live among, were ready to welcome the Ancients with open heart and hand. Therefore, I say they came here to see the ladies, and I know you can't see them if you stop and listen to me make a speech, and I am going to stop. Good by. [*Applause.*]

The COMMANDER. — Gentlemen, I beg now to inform you that the band is in the parlor, where music will be furnished during the evening, to which they cordially invite your attendance in order that this room may be cleared.

The speaking was brought to a close at 9 A. M., and a few minutes later the Ancients and their guests left the dining-hall. There was no specific programme for the remainder of the evening, which was entirely at the disposal of the visitors, and amusements of various kinds took up the greater portion of the time. Forming part of the numerous company that gathered in the main parlors, promenading the corridors, joining in listening to the music that was performed in the company's headquarters, paying calls upon friends who had early retired to their rooms, — in these and many other ways did the Ancients pass their time. The fears that the excursions planned for the morrow would have to be abandoned on account of inclement weather were only strengthened by the appearances as the evening advanced. At one time rain fell, though in small quantity, and the black outlook was not calculated to cheer drooping spirits. But even with these indications, quite a number of gentlemen announced themselves as intending participants in the proposed excursion to the summit of Mount Washington, and made conditional arrangements for seats for themselves and their lady relatives in the observation cars in which it was proposed to make the trip, if practicable. Very few of the visitors evinced a desire to indulge in late hours on this occasion, and the throng on the first floor of the hotel became considerably reduced in numbers as the hour hand began to near an upright position. Long before midnight, most of them had retired to their rooms, and at a comparatively early hour no signs were discernible in the lower part of the building that the members of a visiting military company had so recently been there in goodly numbers.

The following order was posted on the bulletin board, in front of the clerk's desk: —

HEADQUARTERS ANCIENT AND HONORABLE
ARTILLERY COMPANY,
FABYAN HOUSE, Oct. 4, 1886.

GENERAL ORDERS. }
No. 3 }

1. Train for summit leaves 8 A. M.
2. Train for Notch leaves 9.20 A. M.
3. Dinner 12.30 till 2.
4. Battalion line will be formed in front of hotel at 2.10 P. M. Colors opposite hotel entrance. Line when formed will face the railroad station.

Commanders of companies will form them on hotel piazza, marching on to line from this position.

By order,

CAPTAIN TEMPLE.

N. A. THOMPSON, *Adjutant.*

TUESDAY, OCT. 5.

Contrary to most anticipations, the morning of Tuesday, Oct. 5, the second and last day of the stay of the Ancients, dawned with every prospect of good, though possibly rather cold, weather. Hopes of enjoyable excursions seemed more likely to be fulfilled than was the case on the previous evening, and many of those who desired to take part in them, but had not on the evening before made the necessary arrangements, hastened to take the requisite action at as early a moment as possible. Everybody was early astir, and quite a number of the Ancients put in an appearance in the public parts of the hotel before 6.30 o'clock. After that hour, this number was added to rapidly, and, in truth, sleep was then little less than an impossibility.

Some waggish members of the command, apparently firm in their conviction that sleep at a time when the beauties of the surrounding country were observable was to be regarded more in the nature of a crime than a duty, organized themselves into a "vigilance" committee and paraded the corridors. Armed with a big drum and other instruments of awakening power when properly used, they kept up such a din as they marched to and fro, first on one floor and then on another, that even the fondest friend of sleep in the early morning hours was compelled, for his own comfort, to rise and join his already wakened comrades. Breakfast, provided about seven o'clock, was soon despatched, and the expected pleasures of the day began to be uppermost in the minds of the visitors.

Two excursions, to the summit of Mount Washington, and on observation cars through the Crawford Notch, were contemplated, and one of them, that up Mount Washington, was conditional upon the weather proving fine and a sufficient number of members desiring to undertake the journey. For the ride through the Crawford Notch coupons were provided on the ticket with which each excursionist was

armed; but the other trip was to be taken at individual expense, and special rates for the occasion had been secured. Ample arrangements for both trips had been made by Lieut. Dow, chairman of the Committee on Transportation.

As indicated by a notice on the bulletin board, the mountain train was timed to depart at 8 A. M., and by the number of people who had claimed seats in the cars considerably before that hour, it was evident that, as far as numbers were concerned, the trip would be a perfect success. The top of the mountain was then obscured by clouds, and grave doubts were felt in numerous cases as to whether, on that account, a good view could be obtained, or if it would not be so cold on the mountain summit as to make the visit disagreeable, more especially as the hotel there, the Summit House, was closed for the season. These considerations decided several of the Ancients to insure themselves a pleasant trip through the Notch, rather than to risk disappointment by taking the other journey. Those who decided to risk the mountain trip, however, increased in number as the hour for the departure of the train approached, and the weather bade fair to be enjoyable, and when the train left the depot the four observation cars, of which it consisted, were comfortably filled. This trip realized the most sanguine expectations. Upon arriving at the foot of the mountain, each of the four cars was separately pushed to the summit, and there, in weather equally enjoyable at that great height as on the lower plain, at a height of 6,293 feet above sea level, and with a view covering the surrounding States, and unobscured by clouds, the glories of the scene were enjoyed to the full by all. So perfect were the conditions under which the ascent was made, that it was said by *habitués* of the place that many people had waited in the locality for months and then had not been able to visit the summit under such favorable auspices as those under which it was visited that day.

The train for the Crawford Notch consisted partly of regular passenger cars and partly of observation cars, and left Fabyan's at 9.20 A. M. Every seat was occupied, and a good many passengers were compelled to stand during the journey to Upper Bartlett, the destination. The gate of the Notch is passed through shortly after leaving Crawford's, and to all the passengers, particularly to those to whom it was a novelty, every moment of the journey from that point to the stopping place was productive of some agreeable surprise in the direction of mountain scenery. The view from observation cars, grand as it is under the most disadvantageous conditions, was made doubly enchanting by the season of the year at which the mountain region was visited and the typical Indian summer day upon which the journey was made; the only possible drawback to the most complete enjoyment being the dust that would fly into the faces of those who, as they sat, faced the engine. The leaves of the forest on the mountain-sides wore their autumn hues, adding greatly to the beauty of the scene. A short stay at Upper Bartlett was made, and the return journey began, the Fabyan House being reached at about 11.30 A. M.

In these two trips nearly all of the Ancients joined, but a few preferred to amuse themselves with buckboard rides. Lieut. Savage and Quartermaster May remained at the hotel to look after things generally. When the Notch excursionists returned, no signs of the mountaineers having begun their return journey could be discerned. The doors of the dining-room were thrown open at noon, and such of the Ancients as were then at the hotel, in response to a request that they dine early so as to avoid crowded tables and consequent delay when their comrades returned, partook of their midday meal at that hour. It was nearly 2 P. M. when the mountain train arrived, with its passengers enthusiastic over their trip, and haste was necessary in order that there might be no delay in the departure of the train for home. A band concert, from 1.30 to 2.30 P. M., was promised by a notice on the bulletin board, but nearly all the members of the band were among the excursionists to Washington summit, and, owing to the late return of that party, there was only time for dinner (and even then the meal was hurried) before the time at which the "special" was advertised to leave.

The notice on the bulletin board, to which was appended the signature of Quartermaster George P. May, calling upon members of the corps to deliver up their baggage between one and two o'clock, had the intended effect, although the late arrival of the mountain party delayed things somewhat, and the baggage was delivered and put aboard the train in ample time. The hour for the formation of battalion line was set at 2.10 P. M., but it was some fifteen minutes later when the command was drawn up in front of the hotel. The corps marched to the depot in column of fours, and in front of the depot, when drawn up in battalion front, with the ladies forming an interested group in its rear, was photographed. Ranks were then broken, and the excursionists secured their seats on the train, the same one as that in which the outward journey had been made. With a full attendance of sight-seers, about all that could be mustered in the locality indeed, to judge by appearances, the train pulled out of the depot at 2.44 P. M., to the sound of music rendered by the band, the members of which occupied the front car.

After a quick run, with but few stops, Plymouth was reached at 5.05 P. M., the last nineteen miles having been made in twenty-five minutes, and the last seven of that number in eight minutes. Here a wait of twenty minutes for lunch occurred. Leaving the cars at a gait to be expected under the circumstances, many of the travellers hurried up the broad flight of steps leading to the dining-hall, where the meal provided for them on the outward journey had been served,

only to be met with the statement that lunch was provided in the restaurant leading off from the platform. They hurried back with equal speed, but only to find that the saying that the last shall be first was exemplified in this case, and that those who had proceeded more leisurely already occupied all the seats and nearly all the standing room at the restaurant counters. But by utilizing all odd corners and every available convenience, everybody was able to secure a plentiful lunch, though the number of waitresses was possibly not quite large enough, and the accommodations secured by some of the late comers were not quite as ample as might have been desired. Rumors of two accidents on the road between Plymouth and Boston raised some fears as to possible delay to the special train, but these were allayed before departure by the news that the tracks had been cleared and there was not likely to be any time lost on that account. Leaving this town a minute or two behind schedule time, a quick run was made to Concord, which was reached at 6.55 P. M., five minutes late. This had increased to ten minutes upon arrival at Nashua. At North Chelmsford, where in the morning an accident to a freight train had caused a complete blockade for some hours, adverse signals brought the train to a stop, and a short wait proved necessary. Inside the cars all was gayety, but outside a heavy fog obscured the surroundings, and numerous were the conjectures as to the cause of the delay, until the query was solved by the train officials. Stops were made at Lowell and Winchester, and after leaving the latter place further delay was caused by a local train in front of the special, and when Boston was reached, at 9.45 P. M., the special train was exactly an hour late. As one member of the company remarked, when this fact was discovered, it was only to be expected, for a fatality in this direction seemed to attend all trains specially chartered for the accommodation of the Ancients.

No time was lost upon leaving the train in beginning the homeward march. Line was quickly formed in the depot, and headed by the band, the corps marched directly to the armory, where it was drawn up in line. Addressing the Ancients, Commander Temple then said: Gentlemen of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, allow me to congratulate you on the successful completion of your fall field day parade, and to return to you my sincere thanks for your attention to orders during the day, and for the efforts which you have made to have this exercise a success. I will not detain you longer with remarks this evening. [*Applause.*] Three cheers for the Commander were given, the company was dismissed at 10.06 P. M., and the fall field day parade of 1886 had become a thing of the past.

ROLL OF OFFICERS AND MEMBERS

PARTICIPATING IN THE FALL FIELD DAY, OCT. 4 AND 5, 1886.

PREPARED BY THE ADJUTANT.

Captain — Capt. THOMAS F. TEMPLE.
First Lieutenant. — Lieut. J. HENRY TAYLOR.
Second Lieutenant. — Lieut. THOMAS SAVAGE.
Adjutant. — Capt. NEWELL A. THOMPSON.

COMMISSIONED STAFF.

Assistant Surgeon. — Lieut. J. C. KINNEY.
Acting Assistant Surgeon. — Lieut. FRANCIS H. MULLEN.
Quartermaster. — Sergt. GEORGE P. MAY.
Paymaster. — Sergt. VINCENT LAFORME.
Assistant Paymaster. — Lieut. GEORGE H. ALLEN.
Commissary. — Capt. PETER E. DOLLIVER.

NON-COMMISSIONED STAFF.

Sergeant Major. — Capt. GEO. A. KEELER (*chairman of Committee of Arrangements*).
Quartermaster Sergeant. — Sergt. JOHN H. PEAK.

HONORARY STAFF.

Capt. John L. Stevenson, *Chief of Staff;* Capt. Augustus Whittemore, Lieut. Sidney M. Hedges, Lieut. Edwin Adams, Lieut. Henry E. Smith.
Old Guard, New York. — Capt. Walter Scott, Lieut. W. D. Sheldon.
Committee of Arrangements. — Lieut. Lorin S. Dow, Lieut. John M. Call, Sergt. E. A. Messenger, Lyman Boynton, Lieut. George E. Hall.

DETAILED MEN.

Col. AUSTIN C. WELLINGTON, } *Acting Flankers to the Commander.*
Major FRED. G. KING, }
Major JOHN MCDONOUGH, *Right General Guide.*
Lieut. J. PAYSON BRADLEE, *Left General Guide.*
Sergt. EMMONS R. ELLIS, } *Markers.*
Lieut. GEORGE H. GIBSON, }
Sergt. WM. F. BACON, *National Color Bearer.*
Sergt. HORATIO B. EMERSON, *State Color Bearer.*
Sergt. WILLIAM C. PFAFF, *Band Guide.*
Lieut. WILLIAM P. JONES, } *At Depot.*
Lieut. EDWARD E. ALLEN, }

FIRST COMPANY OF INFANTRY.

Capt. GEO. O. NOYES, *Acting Sergeant.*

Frank A. Adams, *R. Guide.*
William H. Gwynne.
Frederick W. Goodwin.
F. F. Olney.
J. E. Clark.
Henry G. Jordan.
Capt. Geo. E. Lovett, *L. Guide.*
Henry N. Cass.
Henry Walker.
Lyman S. Hapgood.
David O. Clark.
William K. Millar.

SECOND COMPANY OF INFANTRY.

Capt. WALTER S. SAMPSON, *Sergeant.*

Capt. William H. Jones, *R. Guide.*
George S. Merrill.
F. H. Adams.
Ferdinand M. Trifet.
Samuel H. Babcock.
Lieut.-Col. E. B. Blasland, *L. Guide.*
J. B. Smith.
Edgar L. Hull.
David W. Lewis.
J. O. Littlefield.
M. B. Stebbins.

THIRD COMPANY OF INFANTRY.

Lieut.-Col. HENRY A. STEVENS, *Sergeant.*

C. H. Betteley, *R. Guide.*
Isaac Riley.
Thos. J. Olys.
A. J. Hathaway.
John Thomas.
Wm. H. Marsh.
Lieut. William F. Hall, *Acting L. Guide.*
W. H. Ford.
J. Fred Sampson.
J Chauncey Crafts.
William E. Jones.
Thomas L. Churchill.

FOURTH COMPANY OF INFANTRY.

Sergt. GEORGE B. SPAULDING, *Sergeant.*

Capt. E. R. Frost, *Acting R. Guide.*
Arthur Fuller.
George Russell.
Eugene H. Richards.
Lieut. I. D Dana, *Acting L. Guide.*
Clarence E. Hay.
Nicholas N. Noyes.
William M. Maynard.
Charles R. Brown.

FIFTH COMPANY OF INFANTRY.

Lieut. EDW. E. WELLS, *Acting Sergeant.*

J. Bensemoil, *Acting R. Guide.*
Thomas H. Harding.
A. E. McDonald.
Kendall H. Damon.
Charles C. Adams.
M. C. Grant, *Acting L. Guide.*
A. E. Procter.
W. E. Smith.
Frank E. Sanderson.
John T. Moriarty.

SIXTH COMPANY OF INFANTRY.

Capt. FRANK W. DALLINGER, *Sergeant.*

Lieut. Harrison G. Wells, *R. Guide.*
J. H. Baguley.
George W. Spaulding.
J. Henry Kelley.
George M. Potter.
Sergt. Henry F. Wade, *L. Guide.*
Henry A. Root.
Winthrop Messenger.
Isaac A. Sylvester.
J. H. Bowen.
Fred. W. Wellington.

FIRST COMPANY OF ARTILLERY.

Sergt. CHARLES F. MUNROE, *Sergeant.*

Edward Sullivan, *R. Guide.*
Albert Webster.
Emery Grover.
Albert H. Stearns.
E. E. Snow.
C. B. Barrett.
Sergt. Jacob Fottler, *L. Guide.*
Chas. H. Dunham.
J. B. Hathaway.
Fred. Mills.
James L. Burditt.
C. T. Hough.

SECOND COMPANY OF ARTILLERY.

Sergt. F. E. MERRIAM, *Sergeant.*

Sergt. Homer M. Daggett, Jr., *R. Guide.*
Benj. Johnson.
Henry L. Stimpson.
Asahel Wheeler.
E. H. Grover.
William Tyner, *L. Guide.*
S. B. Clapp.
J. W. Vose.
E. L. Haley.
C. H. Glover.

THIRD COMPANY OF ARTILLERY.

A. E. LOCKHART, *Acting Sergeant.*

W. B. Lucas, *Acting R. Guide.*
M. J. Grodjinski.
Wm. Pratt.
Robt. J. Bath.
A. H. Miller.
D. W. Russell.
E. Frank Lewis, *Acting L. Guide.*
H. B. Babcock.
D. A. Snell.
R. S. Gray.
J. Alba Davis.
John Galvin.

DECEASE OF CHESTER A. ARTHUR.

On the announcement of the decease of Ex-President Arthur, on the 18th of November, 1886, a special meeting of the company was held at the Armory, Faneuil Hall, on the evening of Nov. 20, at which the following telegrams were read: —

[Copy.]

Boston, Nov. 19, 1886.

To Chester A. Arthur, Jr., *New York:*

The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Co. of Mass., of which Ex-Pres't Arthur was an honorary member, tender their sympathy in this your hour of bereavement, and will, by a committee, attend the funeral, if agreeable.

THOS. F. TEMPLE, *Commander.*

Boston, Nov. 19, 1886.

To Thomas Temple,
Court Square, Boston:

The family of Ex-President Arthur ask me to express their appreciation of your telegram, on behalf Ancient and Honorable Artillery. There is to be no military or other display, but if a committee of your distinguished organization can, as you state, be present, please advise me of number, that I may make provision for them in the church.

CLAYTON McMICHAEL.

Care 123 *Lexington Ave.*

The following resolutions, offered by Past Commander Capt. John L. Stevenson, were unanimously adopted: —

Armory Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company
of Massachusetts,

Faneuil Hall, Boston, Nov. 20, 1886.

In Memoriam.

CHESTER A. ARTHUR,

Ex-President of the United States.

Born October 5, 1830. Died November 18, 1886.

An Honorary Member of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Massachusetts.

We have been summoned here as members of this Ancient Company to offer our brief tribute of respect to the memory of one whose life and character commanded the respect and admiration of the nation which mourns his loss.

Born among the rugged hills of our own New England, educated to honesty of purpose, independence of action, freedom of thought, and toleration toward all men, his great, generous, manly nature eminently fitted him for the high position to which he was so suddenly called; and the term of his administration was filled with credit to himself and honor to his country. Courteous, affable, and yet dignified in his bearing, he was a noble exemplar of an American citizen, unspoiled by rank, unsullied by office.

His kindly interest in this company was manifested in many ways. He sat at our table, he partook of our cheer, and he rejoiced in our prosperity. It is, therefore, befitting that we

Resolve, That we have heard with deep sorrow of the death of Chester Allan Arthur, late President of the United States, and an honorary member of this company.

Resolved, That the services he rendered to his country during a time of great apprehension and trial mark his name as one to be enrolled among the patriots and statesmen of our nation, and will cause his memory to be revered and blessed by every true American citizen.

Resolved, That the commissioned officers, and eight members to be appointed by the Commander, be a committee to attend the funeral, and that the colors of the company, and also the armory, be draped in mourning for the period of three months.

The Commander appointed on the committee to attend the funeral obsequies, Past Commanders Capt. John Mack, Capt. John L. Stevenson, and Col. Edward Wyman, Lieut. Geo. H. Allen, Capt. Geo. A. Keeler, Capt. Samuel Hichborn, Major Chas. G. Davis, and Lieut. Henry E. Smith.

ARTHUR'S FUNERAL.

Simple though Impressive Ceremonies.

Funeral services over the body of Ex-President Chester Allan Arthur were held at 9 o'clock on the morning of Nov. 22, 1886, in the Church of the Heavenly Rest, in Fifth Avenue, New York. At the conclusion of the services, the funeral procession moved to the Grand Central Depot. There the mourners took the 10 o'clock train for Albany, where the burial occurred.

In compliance with the wishes of Gen. Arthur, the ceremonies were of the simplest nature. The services at the church, the procession to the train, and the final scenes were perhaps the most free from display that have characterized the funeral of any President of the United States.

Although it was generally understood that there would be no military procession, the streets in the vicinity of the Arthur residence were crowded at an early hour. Despite the fact that Lexington

Avenue was thronged for several blocks, the number of would-be sight-seers was infinitesimal when compared with that which attended the last Presidential funeral, that of Gen. Grant. The police, however, had prepared for any emergency, and by 7 o'clock reserve forces numbering one thousand patrolmen were assembled in the precinct stations. At 8 o'clock this force had been distributed over the route to be followed by the funeral procession. For several blocks above and below the house of mourning, squads of patrolmen were stationed, with instructions to keep the avenue clear, and only those persons who had some part in the ceremonies were allowed to pass above Twenty-eighth Street.

As early as 7.30 o'clock friends and relatives of the family began to arrive at the home of the Arthur family. Messrs. Masten, McMahon, Read, and McMichael were the first to appear, and they were slowly followed by other friends until by 8 o'clock all who had been invited to the house, with the exception of the President and his Cabinet, had arrived. President Cleveland, Secretary Whitney, and Colonel Lamont drove up in a carriage, and the other Cabinet officers arrived soon afterward. Within the mansion the heavily draped coffin with closed lid lay in the room in which Mr. Arthur died, half hidden by a mass of cut flowers and floral devices. The lid was closed last night, but was opened once more, and finally, this morning. There were no ceremonies at the house, and as soon as the family, friends, and government officers had arrived, Clayton McMichael, who had charge of the funeral arrangements, preceded the pall-bearers to the door, and the start to the church was made.

Headed by Ex-Secretary of War Lincoln and Ex-Attorney-General Gresham, the ten pall-bearers, each wearing a sash of white lawn, with a knot of crape upon his breast, slowly walked up Lexington Avenue to Twenty-ninth Street. Meanwhile Undertaker Davidson's four assistants bore the coffin from the house to the hearse, which stood before the door. Upon the coffin, resting on a bed of palm leaves, were a cross of laurel and a floral pillow. The hearse, devoid of plumes, was drawn by two black horses. As soon as the coffin had been placed in the hearse, the pal-lbearers entered carriages, and were driven up Lexington Avenue.

Mr. Allan Arthur, Miss Nellie Arthur, and Mrs. McElroy followed in the first carriage; the ex-President's sisters, Mrs. Caw and Mrs. Haynesworth, occupied the next carriage with Mr. Haynesworth. Mrs. McElroy's two sons followed in the third carriage. In the two coaches following were other friends and relatives of the Arthur family, and then came President Cleveland, Secretary Vilas, and Colonel Lamont. Secretaries Whitney, Bayard, and Lamar occupied the next carriage; Justices Morrison R. Waite, Harland, and Blatchford, of the United States Supreme Court, following them. In the remaining carriages were Ex-Secretary of the Treasury Sherman, Senators Edmunds, Logan, Evarts, Hawley, and Gorman, Gov. David B. Hill, Judge William H. Mullen, of the Court of Claims, Sherman W. Knevals, Rastus S. Ransom, Surrogate Rollins, Elihu Root, William Dowd, Ex-Judge Horace Russell, George W. Lyon, Butler H. Bishop, and Marvelle W. Cooper.

The start of the twenty-three carriages from the house was made promptly at 8.30 o'clock. A detail of police marched before the procession, and another was in the rear. Proceeding up Lexington Avenue to Thirty-fourth Street, the procession turned down Thirty-fourth Street into Madison Avenue, thence to Forty-sixth Street, and thence to Fifth Avenue to the Church of the Heavenly Rest, near Forty-fifth Street.

At the Church.

The simplicity of the funeral made the service at the Church of the Heavenly Rest doubly impressive. Although admission was solely by card, there was scarcely standing room near the lower end of the auditorium long before the hour for the services. Oustide was a crisp air and a beautiful day. Cordons of police held back the curious throngs which blocked the streets, while the troops of soldiery stood with reversed arms and banners lowered as the body was borne through the church portals. Inside the church the sombre effect of the drapings of the chancel rail, pulpit, and lectern was relieved by the soft light from the large east windows of stained glass. Flowers and palms at the head of the centre aisle heightened the effect.

Not since the funeral of Gen. Grant has there been such a gathering of prominent men in the city. James G. Blaine was one of the first to enter. He sat alone for some time, directly in front of the Congressional delegation. The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher was another early comer; and after the church was well filled, Roscoe Conkling was shown to a seat on the east side of the church. Gen. Benjamin F. Butler and Gen. N. P. Banks sat together.

The arrangements for seating the congregation were simply perfect, under the direction of Major T. B. Fassitt. He was assisted by a corps of twelve ushers.

Owing to a change in the arrangements for the removal of the body from this city to Albany, a special train being provided for the funeral party, which must leave the Grand Central Depot at 10.15, or be greatly delayed, the exercises at the church were slightly abridged. There were no eulogistic remarks by the Rev. Dr. Leonard, as had been intended.

The Episcopal service never seemed more touching than this morning. The rector of the church, the Rev. D. Parker Morgan, his assistant, the Rev. E. W. Babcock, the Rev. W. A. Leonard, D. D., of St. John's Chuch, Washington, and the Rev. W. S. Rainsford, of St. George's Church, met the coffin at the door. They were preceded by the choir.

According to a custom in the Church of the Heavenly Rest, the officiating clergy wear their collegiate hoods. The Rev. Mr. Morgan wore the Oxford M. A. hood of black silk lined with red silk, and the Rev. Mr. Babcock wore the Trinity B. A. hood of black silk lined with white. All the clergy wore white robes and black stoles. The choir appeared in the usual black and white robes. There were thirty-five members, directed by Harry E. Reeves. The choir moved down the centre of the church, ahead of the clergy, separating at the door for the clergy to pass through to the bier. It was then exactly nine o'clock.

The coffin was borne slowly on the shoulders of six men. They wore sashes of black and white. The top of the coffin was covered with pink and white flowers, green vines, and sprays of palms. As the procession moved slowly up the centre aisle, the great audience rose to its feet, while the choir sang the processional hymn, "Asleep in Jesus, Blessed Sleep."

Following the coffin came the mourners and relatives. President Cleveland, the members of his Cabinet, and a large number of men prominent in civil and military life followed.

The coffin was placed on a low catafalque near the chancel, at the head of the aisle. The rector then solemnly recited the opening passages of the Episcopal burial ritual. The anthem, "Lord, let me know my end," was rendered by the choir, and the Rev. Dr. Rainsford then read the lesson from 1 Cor. xv. 20, after which the choir sang "Nearer, my God, to Thee." This was followed by the recital of the Apostle's Creed by the congregation, led by the Rev. Mr. Babcock. The anthem, "I heard a voice from heaven, saying," was sung by the choir, and the Rev. Dr. Leonard fervently offered the three prayers of the ritual. After the singing of the hymn "Art thou near?" the benediction was pronounced by the Rev. Mr. Morgan.

This closed the funeral ceremony in this city. As the coffin was borne from the church, the choir sang the recessional hymn, "Abide with me, fast falls the eventide."

In the mourners' seats, which were nearest the chancel on the right, were the relatives of the dead ex-President, including the children, Chester Allan and Miss Ellen Lewis Arthur. The latter was heavily veiled, and at times was overcome by her grief. Mr. Arthur, too, was visibly affected, although he evidently strove to maintain his composure. The others of the immediate family were Mrs. John E. McElroy, of Albany; Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Haynesworth, of Philadelphia; Mrs. Regina M. Caw, of Albany; Mr. and Mrs. James H. Masten, of Cohoes; and Miss Annie E. Arthur, of Schenectady. The friends of the family occupied twenty-four pews directly behind the mourners.

Occupants of the Pews.

The seats to the left of the chancel, opposite to the mourners, were occupied by the pall-bearers, Judge Walter Q. Gresham, ex-Secretary of the Treasury; Robert T. Lincoln, ex-Secretary of War; William E. Chandler, ex-Secretary of the Navy; Frank Hatton, ex-Postmaster-General; Benjamin H. Brewster, ex-Attorney-General; General Philip H. Sheridan, Dr. Cornelius R. Agnew, Cornelius N. Bliss, Robert G. Dun, George H. Sharpe, Charles L. Tiffany, and Cornelius Vanderbilt.

Directly behind the pall-bearers sat President Cleveland, with the following members of his Cabinet: Thomas F. Bayard, Secretary of State; William C. Endicott, Secretary of War; William C. Whitney, Secretary of the Navy; L. Q. C. Lamar, Secretary of the Interior; and William F. Vilas, Postmaster-General.

Grouped with the Presidential party sat Chief Justice Morrison R. Waite, of the Supreme Court of the United States, and Associate Judge Samuel M. Blatchford, of New York; John H. Harlan, of Kentucky; Horace Gray, of Massachusetts; and Ex-President Hayes. Governor David B. Hill and staff occupied the seat next in the rear.

The national Senate and House committees occupied the tier of seats next behind them. From the Senate there were present Acting Vice-President John Sherman, George F. Edmunds, John A. Logan, William B. Allison, M. C. Butler, James D. Cameron, D. W. Voorhees, Warner Miller, A. P. Gorman, Joseph R. Hawley, and James K. Jones. From the House, Frank Hiscock, A. S. Hewitt, W. M. Springer, Thomas B. Reed, Olin Wellborn, W. W. Phelps, John D. Long, Daniel Ermentrout, Robert R. Hitt, Beriah Wilkins, and John T. Heard. Both committees wore sashes of black and white.

Next in order were seated Mayor William R. Grace, who was accompanied by Mayor Whitney, of Brooklyn; Mayor Becker, of Buffalo; Comptroller Loew; Sheriff Grant, Register Reilly, County Clerk Flack, and the New York aldermanic delegation.

The main portion of the auditorium was then filled to the door with friends and acquaintances of General Arthur, prominent citizens and representatives of various local organizations.

From the Union League Club there were about sixty delegates, including Chauncey M. Depew, William M. Evarts, Col. Le Grand B. Cannon, Thomas C. Acton, Salem H. Wales, Luther R. Marsh, Dorman B. Eaton, Gen. Thomas Hillhouse, William Dowd, John J. Knox, Levi P. Morton, Jesse Seligman, F. D. Tappan, A. Van Santvoord, Sinclair Tousey, Jackson S. Schultz, Albon P. Man, E. H. Ammidown, Marvelle W. Cooper, John F. Plummer, President F. A. P. Barnard, George P. Andrews, Gen. Charles H. Graham, Col. Locke W. Winchester, Col. James M. Varnum, Col. S. V. R. Cruger, Frederick A. Potts, John A. Stewart, Whitelaw Reid, Horace M.

Ruggles, H. O. Armour, Frederick Billings, William L. Strong, L. G. Woodhouse, Woodbury Langdon, and Horace Russell.

These delegates represented the New York Mercantile Exchange: Washington Winsor, Benjamin Urner, W. H. B. Totten, George B. Douglas, W. H. Duckworth, H. T. Nichols, James H. Seymour, D. D. Acker, John A. Smith, L. L. Miller, W. S. Temple, W. I. Young, and C. L. Rickerson.

President James M. Brown, Ex-Presidents A. A. Low and S. D. Babcock and Vice-Presidents C. S. Smith and J. M. Fiske represented the Chamber of Commerce.

The New York Cotton Exchange was represented by C. D. Miller, John H. Inman, S. Gruner, M. B. Fielding, and J. H. Parker.

The Produce Exchange was represented by President James McGeo. Franklin Woodruff, Ex-Mayor Franklin Edison, J. H. Herrick, Edward Hincken, E. R. Livermore, H. H. Rogers, C. R. Hickox, A. F. Roberts, T. I. Husted, and Leonard Hazelton.

The Consolidated Stock and Petroleum Exchange sent Frank Tock, R. M. Shaw, G. W. Fuller, Jr., H. W. Jenkins, W. C. Hendrie, J. H. Tucker, and W. A. Byers.

Companions from the Loyal Legion were Gen. M. T. McMahon, who was detailed to escort President Cleveland; Gen. Charles K. Graham, Col. J. Schuyler Crosby, Orville W. Leonard, John J. McCook, Charles Treichell, and Major Charles W. Appleby.

Commissioned officers and members were present from the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Massachusetts, of which Gen. Arthur was an honorary member, as follows: Capt. Thomas F. Temple, Lieut. J. Henry Taylor, Lieut. Thomas Savage, Adjt. Newell A. Thompson, Capt. John Mack, Capt. John L. Stevenson, Col. Edward Wyman, Lieut. George H. Allen, Capt. George A. Keeler, Capt. Samuel Hichborn, Major Charles G. Davis, Lieut. Henry E. Smith, Paymaster Vincent Laforme.

The city government of Boston was represented by the President of the Council, E. J. Jenkins, City Messenger Peters, and eight councilmen.

Delegates from the Republican Club of the city of New York were: Jefferson Clark, Thomas F. Wentworth, Mortimer C. Addoms, George W. Delano, L. C. Ashley, Joseph Pool, Henry Gleason, James S. Lehmaier, Alexander Caldwell, John H. Wood, William Brookfield, J. K. Cilley, A. B. Humphrey, J. P. Foster, Edward T. Bartlett, H. W. Hayden, Joseph Dowd, William L. Findley, and J. W. Hawes.

John Winslow, Benjamin Estes, Jesse Johnson, T. D. Mosscrop, Joseph F. Knapp, W. H. Waring, James H. Taylor, Henderson Benedict, J. S. T. Stranahan, W. H. Lyon, John Bliss, John French, Franklin Woodruff, R. D. Benedict, A. J. Perry, M. J. Gates, and W. H. Leaycraft represented the Brooklyn Republican League.

The Coffee Exchange had these delegates: T. T. Barr, Joseph J. O'Donohue, S. G. Arnold, Louis Seligsberg, J. T. Randall, and John F. Scott.

Elbridge T. Gerry, Stephen P. Nash, Hamilton Odell, James C. Carter, Benjamin F. Dunning, Henry H. Anderson, E. Ellery Anderson, John E. Burrill, Edward Patterson, Edward Mitchell, G. De Forest Lord, Joseph H. Choate, Everett P. Wheeler, and John E. Parsons represented the New York Bar Association.

Among the officers of the army and navy were Generals Sheridan and Sherman, Admiral S. B. Luce, of the North Atlantic Squadron; Gen. N. P. Banks, Capt. Robert Boyd, Dr. B. H. Kidder, Chief Engineer McElwell, Pay Inspector Guild, Capt. A. P. Cooke, Commander H. B. Robeson, Paymaster A. Burtis, and Lieut. Hunter.

The Navy Department sent a detachment of one hundred and fifty sailors and one hundred marines, under command of Lieut. A. P. Nazro, to the church for escort duty. It also furnished eight body-bearers.

Other persons prominent in political and social life noticed were Congressman Henry G. Burleigh, M. Roustan, French minister to America; Gen. Benjamin F. Butler, Gen. William T. Sherman, John I. Davenport, Gen. Horace Porter, Joseph H. Manley, of Maine; Seth B. French, Surrogate D. G. Rollins, Rastus S. Ransom, Clinton Wheeler, Elihu Root, Charles E. Miller, Sherman W. Knevals, James C. Reed, Gen. George H. Sharpe, E. Leroy Ferry, Dr. F. Humphreys, James Price, A. J. Todd, Lewis Crook, Dr. J. C. Jay, Jr., John H. Starin, Henry C. Bowen, W. H. McElroy, August Belmont, David C. Leach, Anson Phelps Stokes, Frederic Kuhne, J. R. Van Wormer, Thomas L. James, Judge Van Brunt, of the New York Supreme Court; Judge Larremore, of the Court of Common Pleas; Lawrence Turnure, James L. Benedict, William W. Thomas, ex-minister to Sweden; W. W. Astor, ex-minister to Italy; E. M. Brown, Gen. Rufus Ingalls, Senator McPherson, Col. H. C. Hodges, Hamilton Fish, Jr., Robert C. Miller, J. S. Barclay, Warner Miller, Cyrus W. Field, Frederic May, Theodore Frelinghuysen, William A. Darling, John B. Lawson, Col. James M. Varnum, Judge Isaac, of the city court; Judge Solon Smith, Police Commissioner; Joel W. Mason, of the Republican executive committee; Emigrant Commissioner Taintor, Gen. Daniel Sickles, Gen. C. W. C. Moy, of Baltimore; Gen. Schofield, Judge C. P. Daly, Marvelle W. Cooper, Albert Bierstadt, Gen. Thomas W. Hillhouse, Congressman Amos Townsend, and Charles D. Burrill.

A large number of those last mentioned sat in the seats reserved for the friends of the family.

The Funeral Train.

The arrangements for the reception of the funeral party at the Grand Central Depot were very complete. No delay nor confusion

occurred. The train that was to take the body to Albany stood opposite the Forty-fourth Street entrance. It consisted of the car "Woodlawn," at the farther end of which stood the receptacle for the coffin. Then came Cornelius Vanderbilt's private car, the parlor cars "Aristook," "New York," and No. 543. In the funeral car were placed all the floral emblems that had been sent to the house. Among them were a scroll of chrysanthemums, on which was "*Finis*"; a large cross of ivy, with a base of lilies of the valley, roses, and japonicas, on which was written, "*Requiescat in pace*"; a wreath of perle des jardins roses; a crown of white roses, surmounted by a violet cross; several wreaths of Parmese violets; a large wreath of japonicas, filled with roses; and a magnificent pillow, sent to the family this morning, composed of lilies and roses, with the words "Old Guard."

The 9.50 o'clock train had just pulled out when the notes of the band which preceded the funeral procession were heard, and it lacked five minutes to ten o'clock when the hearse reached the depot. The honorary pall-bearers entered first, and stood drawn up in line at the inner door. The coffin was then brought in on the shoulders of the bearers, and after them came fifteen soldiers and sailors. As soon as the coffin was within the depot, the honorary pall-bearers and the family followed it to the funeral car.

Then came President Cleveland and Ex-President Hayes, arm in arm, engaged in earnest conversation. The Cabinet officers were next in line, and after them came the officers of the army and navy, distinguished politicians, and many intimate friends of Gen. Arthur. Mr. Blaine arrived late, and followed the procession only part way down the platform, after which he returned and stood at the door where he had entered.

Military and Naval Escort.

A military and naval escort, consisting of a detachment of regular infantry, sixteen files of marines, four deep, thirty-two files of blue jackets, four deep, and the Fort Hamilton and Marine bands, was waiting in the street to escort the body to the train. The line of march was down Forty-fifth Street to Vanderbilt Avenue, at the Grand Central station. The people along the way stood with bared heads as the procession passed. In Vanderbilt Avenue a squad of police kept the way clear. As the distance from the church to the station was short, the procession was soon over. The body was transferred from the hearse to the funeral car "Woodlawn" of the New York and Harlem Railroad, which was the first car of the funeral train. There were no decorations about the cars. After the body had been placed in the funeral car, the pall-bearers entered Cornelius Vanderbilt's private car, which had been placed at their disposal by Mr. Vanderbilt. The third car, one of the New York Central's drawing-room cars, was occupied by the family. The fourth car, a drawing-room car, and the

fifth, a passenger coach, carried the remainder of the party. People who were waiting for trains stood on the benches in the passengers' waiting-room, and looked through the windows at the train. The gallery which runs from the elevated railway station to the waiting-rooms was half filled with people, who could see little else than the roofs of the cars of the funeral train. Every one in and out of the station was unusually quiet and orderly. The police had hardly anything to do except keep the walks clear.

At 10.10 o'clock the train pulled slowly out of the station. Among those who stood on the platform, with bared heads, while the cars moved out were President Cleveland, Secretaries Bayard, Whitney, Vilas, and Lamar; Senator Gorman, of Maryland; Gen. Sheridan, Gen. Schofield, Chauncey M. Depew, Mayor-elect Hewitt, Col. F. D. Grant, William M. Evarts, Gen. John A. Logan, James G. Blaine, Ex-President Rutherford B. Hayes, Robert T. Lincoln, Gen. William T. Sherman, and Roscoe Conkling. The people in Vanderbilt Avenue lingered a few minutes to see the soldiers march away, and in a short time the scenes in and about the station were those only of every-day routine.

In his Last Resting-Place.

The funeral train covered the distance between New York and Albany, one hundred and forty-one miles, in three hours and twelve minutes. Only one stop, and that of a couple of minutes, at Poughkeepsie, to take water, was made. There were no public demonstrations made along the route. It was generally understood that none were expected or desired; but at the various stations as the train swept by, heads were hastily uncovered, and in this manner the mourners were constantly reminded of the respect entertained for Gen. Arthur, as well as of their loss. The train reached Albany at 1.22 o'clock. Few persons were at the station, as it arrived much sooner than was expected. No time was lost in switching the train from the tracks of the New York Central to those of the Delaware and Hudson Railroad. The only persons who boarded the train at Albany were the Rt. Rev. William Croswell Doane, Bishop of Albany; John Boyd Thacher, Mayor of the city; and Ex-Mayor Bleecker Banks.

In six minutes after its arrival at Albany the funeral train was rolling toward Albany's rural cemetery, which is situated about three miles north of the city. In the beautiful city of the dead are the graves of many men prominent in their time in affairs of the State and nation. Among them might be mentioned William L. Marcy, Gen. Philip Schuyler, Gen. Peter Gansevoort, the defender of Fort Stanwix; Stephen Van Rensselaer, Thurlow Weed, Col. John Mills, the hero of Sackett's Harbor; Lyman Tremain, Erastus Corning, Ira Harris, and Judge Ambrose Spencer.

The Arthur plot is on the most westerly of the three ridges on which

the cemetery is situated. It faces the setting sun, and is on a gentle slope. On the central monument, a plain block of marble, is inscribed in old English letters: "Here lies the body of Ellen Lewis Herndon, wife of Chester A. Arthur, born at Culpeper, Va., Aug. 30, 1837; died at New York, Jan. 12, 1880." Near Mrs. Arthur's grave is a small granite cenotaph, erected to the memory of Capt. Herndon, father of Mrs. Arthur, who was lost on the steamer "Central America" in 1857. Side by side are the graves of the Rev. William Arthur and wife, the father and mother of Gen. Arthur. Modest head-stones tell that the minister died at Newtonville, near Albany, Oct. 30, 1875, and that his wife died at the same place on Jan. 19, 1869. The plot also contains the grave of William Lewis Herndon Arthur, son of Gen. Arthur, who died on July 8, 1863, at the age of two years. Mrs. Herndon, mother of Mrs. Arthur, who died at Hyères, France, and Mr. Caw, husband of one of Gen. Arthur's surviving sisters, are also buried there.

The grave in which the body of the ex-President was laid is close to the western edge of the plot; and before the funeral train had reached the cemetery its earthen sides were hidden from sight by long-leaved palms and ferns. The funeral train arrived at the cemetery at two o'clock. At that hour, about two hundred residents of Albany were standing about the grave. It was the intention of the Albany Common Council and other officials, and also of the State officials, the departments having been closed at one o'clock, to attend the services at the grave; but they did not arrive until after their conclusion. The train halted at the main entrance until its passengers disembarked, and then pulled out of the way to allow the long line of coaches provided for the mourners to enter the cemetery. The coffin was carried from the car "Woodlawn" to the hearse by the undertaker's assistants. The guard of honor, composed of four blue-jackets from the "Vermont," commanded by Lieut. McLean, and four artillerymen from the Fifth Artillery, commanded by Lieut. Roberts, formed on each side of the hearse, which at once moved forward toward the grave.

One by one the carriages swiftly reached a given point, and were quickly filled. The arrangements at every point were of the most perfect character. As the hearse moved on its way a squad of Albany police fell in behind. They were followed by a carriage, in which sat Bishop Doane. Then followed the pall-bearers in three carriages. In the first carriage sat Robert T. Lincoln, ex-Secretary of War; Walter Q. Gresham, ex-Postmaster-General; Benjamin Harris Brewster, ex-Attorney-General; and William E. Chandler, ex-Secretary of the Navy. In the second carriage were Frank Hatton, ex-Postmaster-General; Philip H. Sheridan, Lieut.-Gen. of the Army; Charles L. Tiffany and Cornelius N. Bliss; and in the third carriage were Gen. George H. Sharpe, Dr. Cornelius R. Agnew, R. G. Dun, and Cornelius Vanderbilt. Then followed a carriage occupied by Chester A. Arthur, Jr.,

and his sister Miss Nellie Arthur, and Mr. and Mrs. John E. McElroy. In the fifth carriage were three sisters of Gen. Arthur, Mrs. Regina M. Caw, Mrs. Haynesworth, and Miss Annie Arthur. Mr. Haynesworth also occupied a seat in this carriage, which was followed by another containing Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Masten, and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Masten, Jr. In the next were John E. McElroy, Jr., the two Misses McElroy, and Mr. Jackson. The twelfth carriage in line was occupied by Gov. David B. Hill, Col. George Bliss, Police Commissioner Stephen B. French, and William H. Muller.

The other carriages contained Surrogate Daniel G. Rollins, Clayton McMichael, who acted as master of ceremonies; James C. Reed, Gen. Arthur's private secretary, who assisted Mr. McMichael, and Mrs. Reed, Mr. and Mrs. Rastus Ransom, Mr. and Mrs. Sherman, W. Knevals and Miss Knevals, Elihu Root, Mr. and the two Misses Frelinghuysen, Judge John Davis, Gen. Martin T. McMahon, Charles E. Miller, Dr. Peters, William Doud, Frederick Phillips, Joel B. Erhardt, Seth Barton French, William H. McElroy, Mrs. Botts, and Mr. Blackie. The four last mentioned occupied the same carriage. They were followed by George French, Dr. French, Mr. and Mrs. Steele, William Treichel, the Misses Treichel, John I. Davenport, William Fry, Messrs. Wheeler, Gatens, Lyon, Russell, Hepburn, Cooper, and Chambers. The servants of the family were also in carriages. They were James Smith, Gen. Arthur's body servant; Bridget Smith, the former nurse; Bridget Maguire, Katie Mullen, Margaret Taggart, and Alec Powell, who was Gen. Arthur's colored valet at the White House.

The journey from the train to the grave was quickly made, and before the mourners took their places, the coffin had been taken from the hearse and placed in an open box that lay near the edge of the tomb. The police had no difficulty in forming a path for the mourners through the crowd that formed a square about the burial plots, and every head was uncovered as soon as the hearse reached the ground. The relatives formed in line on the western boundary of the plot. Bishop Doane stood at the northern end, facing them. Nearest to him stood the son and daughter of the ex-President. The son bravely kept back the tears that were very close to the surface, while his sister Nellie sobbed continuously. The floral tributes were banked on the high ground, and prominent among them was President Cleveland's offering, a scroll of white chrysanthemums with the word "*Finis*" formed of purple immortelles.

Before the burial service of the Protestant Episcopal Church was begun by Bishop Doane, a sailor of the guard of honor placed a cross of white roses on the coffin. When the latter was placed in the oaken box a sheaf of palm was laid upon the box, which was then lowered into the grave. Every head was uncovered but that of Bishop Doane, who wore a purple velvet cap. The air was sharp, but was tempered

by the afternoon sun. The precaution had been taken to cover the ground with canvas.

The service was brief, but very impressive. Bishop Doane's voice was full and clear as he recited the burial service. A majority of those who listened repeated after him the Lord's Prayer. As he pronounced the benediction, the Bishop stretched his hands over the bowed heads of Chester and Nellie Arthur, and when he had concluded, he picked up a bunch of roses from the flowery bank that lay near his feet and threw it tenderly into the grave. The grave-diggers cast many of the other floral tributes into the grave, and the oaken box was soon hidden from sight beneath a bed of flowers so thick that the earth could not reach it. Before the grave was filled the mourners re-entered their carriages and were driven to the Delevan House. The last act of the grave-diggers was to cover the earthen mound with a single piece of turf; but before this was accomplished the cemetery was deserted of all its visitors.

After a hasty dinner at the Delevan House, the passengers on the funeral train re-embarked and the train pulled out of the Albany station for New Yotk at 4.45 o'clock. It arrived at 7.15 o'clock, its schedule time, and in fact every detail of the programme was observed to the minute. The arrangements had been as perfect as they were modest, and being so, were in consonance with the wishes of the dead ex-President.

Honoring his Memory.

The New York Commandery of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion met at its headquarters, No. 202 Broadway, and passed appropriate resolutions in reference to the death of Ex-President Arthur. Among those present were Gen. E. L. Molineux, who presided; Gen. R. H. Jackson, Gen. C. A. Carleton, Col. Floyd Clarkson, Col. E. M. L. Ehlers, Capt. J. A. Fessenden, Gen. Horatio C. King, Gen. John Cochrane, Gen. F. E. Pinto, Pay Director John S. Cunningham, and Paymaster George De Forest Barton.

Alderman James T. Van Rensselaer said, in regard to the limited number of tickets issued to officers of the city government for Ex-President Arthur's funeral, that the number of tickets allotted by Col. McMichael for the purpose was necessarily small, owing to the small seating capacity of the church. As the Board of Aldermen had resolved to attend in a body, the Committee of Arrangements, of which Alderman Van Rensselaer was chairman, could give invitations only to the six chief elective officers of the city and county — the Mayor, District Attorney, Controller, Sheriff, Register, and County Clerk. This was done in accordance with a suggestion made by Col. McMichael himself.

Out of respect for the memory of Ex-President Arthur, the Brooklyn Common Council adjourned without transacting any business.

The Eighth District Civil Court was adjourned on motion of Charles F. Connor, after Judge Gedney had paid a fitting tribute to the memory of the dead ex-President.

In Washington the public offices were closed, a salute of thirteen guns was fired at daybreak; and a single cannon boomed at intervals of half an hour during the day. At Albany the Court of Appeals adjourned early in the morning. The government offices in Boston were closed for the whole or part of the day.

COL. MARSHALL P. WILDER AND COL. ISAAC HULL WRIGHT.

ARMORY ANCIENT AND HONORABLE
ARTILLERY COMPANY,
BOSTON, May 16, 1887.

The committee appointed at the last meeting of the company, to prepare appropriate memorials of our Past Commanders, Col. Marshall Pinckney Wilder and Col. Isaac Wright, submit the following: —

In the death of Marshall Pinckney Wilder, born at Rindge, N. H., Sept. 22, 1798, we recognize that not only has one of the foremost men of our company, but of the community and country, passed away. A man born in the last century, living in the place of his birth and here in Boston for eighty-eight years, and through all that time, after reaching manhood, pursuing the career of a most honorable, useful, and faithful citizen, an ardent patriot, a devoted father and friend, generous of heart and hand, his interest in the military never slackened. He was our captain in 1856-57, and his love for our company never waned. His labors in the fields of horticulture, agriculture, and floriculture are known in nearly every family of the land. In these subjects he was deeply interested until the last hour of his life. He had only just finished an address he was to read before the Massachusetts Horticultural Society at its annual meeting in January of this year, when, in full vigor of mind, he was called on the 16th of December 1886, with but a moment's notice, to give up his life.

Note. — It may not be inappropriate to mention as a matter of history that the firm of which Col. Wilder was a member was the first to receive for sale on consignment a case of American woollen cloth. Thus his long business life reaches back to the very infancy of American manufactures.

He had performed, as far as man can see, a perfect work. His noble form and genial smile we shall see no more, or listen again to his eloquent and instructive words, or hear the pleasant tones of his cordial greeting.

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time."

By the death of Col. Isaac Hull Wright the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company has lost its oldest living past commander but two — an honored comrade and firm friend. Born in Boston, Jan. 28, 1814, of a family long settled here, passing his life and dying within her borders, the city can claim him as native to her soil, and take an honest pride in his career.

From his young manhood he was remarkable for his power as an orator, especially a political one. Rarely at a loss for words to clearly and forcibly express his ideas, they always had the genuine ring of sincerity. With a voice admirably fitted for the platform, with a presence which most favorably impressed his hearers, he was one of the most successful and widely-sought-for of the political speakers of his day, and until the last year of his life cheerfully answered calls for work made upon him.

He early entered into the field of politics. A Democrat in its best sense from training and instinct, he upheld his faith fearlessly, and, unpopular as it was, never wavered in his allegiance to it. Earnest and strong in his convictions, he was genial in temperament and tolerant of the opinions of others. Broad in his views, with a large and generous heart, he so bore himself as to win the respect of his opponents, and often to insure their cordial support.

As a young man he took an interest in the militia of the State, and when war was declared against Mexico, hastened to offer his services to the general government. Commissioned as lieutenant-colonel of the only Massachusetts regiment raised for that war, he was soon promoted to its colonelcy. Although the regiment saw but little of that brilliant fighting which shed so great glory, both at home and abroad, upon our small army, yet its duties were arduous and well performed. Col. Wright was continually kept in positions of much responsibility. As governor at Monterey and Perote, he exhibited large administrative ability, and won the respect of his superiors.

Returning home at the close of the war, he again entered politics, and in supporting Gen. Taylor for the Presidency, rendered such signal service that he was appointed naval officer in Boston. On a change of administration, he again retired to private life and the practice of the law, to be some years after again called therefrom to be superintendent of the Springfield armory, which position he held until 1861.

During the War of the Rebellion he was thoroughly loyal, though his political opinions stood in the way of his going to the field. He pursued the even tenor of his way as a private citizen until 1878, when he was elected a member of Boston's Board of Street Commissioners, which he held at the time of his decease, dying as he wished to, in harness.

In every place he occupied he proved capable, efficient, and honest, and deserved the commendation of "well done" from his fellow-citizens.

"The knight's bones are dust,
And his good sword is rust;
His soul is with the saints, I trust."

HENRY WALKER,
EDWARD WYMAN,
CHARLES W. STEVENS,
} *Committee.*

COMMUNICATION.

Gentlemen, — The family of the late MARSHALL P. WILDER wish to acknowledge most gratefully the reception of a floral design, contributed by the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company in memory of their beloved father, at his funeral obsequies, the 19th inst.

Its own intrinsic worth made it, indeed, a thing of beauty; but as an expression of the personal regard and friendship of the members of your organization toward him, the value of the tribute was doubly enhanced.

Those snow-white blossoms were emblematic of that purity of character which, like a shield, so protected him 'mid the battles of life, thus fitting him for higher and nobler service above.

DORCHESTER, Dec. 21, 1886.

CELEBRATION

OF THE

TWO HUNDRED AND FORTY-NINTH ANNIVERSARY,

AND

Two Hundred and Fiftieth Election of Officers.

ANNUAL ELECTION MONDAY, JUNE 6, 1887.

The opening of the year in which the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company should celebrate a quarter-millennium of existence drew more than the usual attention to the celebration of the two hundred and forty-ninth anniversary, Monday, June 6, 1887, and the proceedings of the day were marked by numerous references, both in formal speech and in conversation, to the coming festivities. A more perfect day for the anniversary exercises it would have been hard to imagine. The sun seemed exactly tempered for the occasion, and not only was a shower of rain just prior to the closing of the exercises missing, but any signs which might be interpreted to indicate the possibility of rain were wanting. As in former years, the proceedings began at daybreak, and the call of the Adjutant, Capt. Newell A. Thompson, upon several past commanders of the old corps, and the sounding of the reveille at their residences by a detachment of the First Regiment Drum and Fife Corps, found the veterans awake to a realization of the duties and the pleasures of the day. An hour later, Faneuil Hall was opened, and Clerk Allen and Quartermaster May were at their posts. Not long afterwards, other uniformed figures began to put in an appearance, and some of them to pay their respects to the breakfast, which was, as usual, provided for members resident out of town.

By eight o'clock the armory was thronged by the members, and there seemed every prospect of a large attendance at the parade. Faneuil Hall itself was occupied by the men who were preparing it for the banquet, and so, while the infantry formed in the upper hall, the artillery formed in the hallway of the Produce Exchange. The commissioned and honorary staff reported to Capt. John L. Stevenson, chief of staff, in the library. The formation of the two wings, infantry and artillery, on the basis of twelve files front, was begun at 8.45 o'clock, as required by the orders, and shortly after nine o'clock

the company marched into South Market Street, and was there drawn up. The command was turned over to the Commander, Capt. Thomas F. Temple, and at 9.30 A. M., the column, headed by the Salem Cadet Band, Jean Missud, leader, and the First Regiment Drum and Fife Corps, Drum-Major Clark, began the march to the church.

The route of march was through South Market, Commercial, State, Washington, School, and Beacon Streets, to the State House. There the company was drawn up in line, and Gov. Ames and staff, and other invited guests, military and civilian, were received and taken under escort; Major George O. Carpenter acting as personal escort to the governor. Column of companies was again formed, and the march was resumed; the company countermarching through Beacon Street to Tremont Street, and then marching through Tremont and Boylston Streets to the New Old South Church, where the religious exercises of the day were to be held.

The crowds that lined the various streets through which the march was made were fully as large and even more enthusiastic than usual, and the steady marching and solid appearance of the corps called forth frequent and hearty plaudits.

The Church Services.

Major Charles G. Davis, Lieut. Jacob Silloway, Sergt. David F. Hall, Capt. George Going, and Lieut. T. L. Churchill, who had been assigned to duty at the New Old South Church, had been kept so busy by the constant arrival of ticket-holders that when, at 10.25 A. M., the command halted at the corner of Boylston and Dartmouth Streets, the seats in the church, which had not been reserved for members of the company, were crowded. A brief halt was made, and then the corps marched into the church, where the seats on each side of the centre aisle had been reserved for its use and that of the guests whom it had escorted. Directly the soldiers had filed into the pews, the order "Right and left face" was given, and, the band playing meanwhile, the colors were carried up the aisle by their stalwart bearers and were draped in front of the pulpit. The commands, "Front," "Be seated," were given, the Ancients took their seats, and the service was begun. It was conducted by Rev. Brooke Herford, pastor of Arlington Street Church, and the music was rendered by the following choir, under the direction of Mr. Howard M. Dow, the organist, and with the assistance of the Salem Cadet Band: Sopranos, Mrs. L. F. C. Richardson, Miss Lillian E. Dow, Miss Gertrude Swayne, Mrs. T. M. Carter, and Mrs. M. F. Marchington; contraltos, Mrs. J. H. Long, Miss Annie H. Lord, Mrs. H. H. Sawyer, Mrs. A. G. Spring, and Mrs. F. W. Knowles; tenors, Messrs. George W. Want, D. F. Fitz, W. R. Baker, C. J. Buffum, and W. W. Clark; bassos, Messrs. H. C. Barnabee, Clarence E. Hay, S. H. Hooper, J. K. Berry, and J. Benzing. The order of exercises was as follows: —

1638. ORDER OF EXERCISES 1887.

ON THE

TWO HUNDRED AND FORTY-NINTH ANNIVERSARY

OF THE

ANCIENT AND HONORABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY,

AT

NEW OLD SOUTH CHURCH,

MONDAY, JUNE 6, 1887, 10.30 O'CLOCK A. M.

ORGAN INTRODUCTION.

INVOCATION.

Almighty and ever-blessed God, who art always with us, the strength of all good work, good thought, and wise deed, be with us and help us to feel that thou art with us at this hour. Out of the pomp and glare of the outward life gather us into the secret of thy presence, and here may our hearts be stilled and know that thou art God. Into all our earthly thoughts and ways pour the inspiration of thy spirit. Touch our earthly thoughts and doings with a sense of thy purpose and thy holy will, and so help us that our hearts may be drawn nearer to thee this hour, and our lives made more consecrate to thee in all the service and the warfare of an earnest Christian life. We ask it for thine infinite mercy's sake, and as humble disciples of Jesus Christ. Amen.

UNISON CHANT ("VENITE EXULTEMUS") . . . . . HOWARD M. DOW.

READING OF SCRIPTURES.

[Ps. xliv. 1-8, and Ps. xxvii.; Matt. viii. 5-13.]

ODE.

"FIRST MONDAY IN JUNE."

Words by Rev. OLIVER A. ROBERTS. Music by HOWARD M. DOW

Solo by Mrs. L. F. C. RICHARDSON.

Blow the early blast! Beat the reveillé!
Greet with great joy this welcome natal day!
Waken the legion! Form the vet'ran lines!
Bring back the memory of ancient times!

Let all the Ancients' corps with gladness come
To service where the fathers blessing won;
With minds subdued by love, with rev'rent bow,
Let every heart retake this loyal vow: —

The State, — built by our fathers, brave and strong,
Beneath whose ægis now the millions throng,
Chief among States, and earnest for the right, —
We pledge to her love, loyalty, and might.

The School, — rich legacy from fathers wise,
Bulwark of freedom, freemen's boon, — we prize
This precious blessing, free as vital air,
And pledge to it our effort, strength, and care.

The Church, — our fathers builded first for God,
Their shrine, with firm-set walls, foundation broad, —
Still stands, friend of all good and foe of wrong;
To it we pledge devotion, true and strong.

Our fathers' God! Thou didst their way attend,
Inspire their zeal, their homes and lives defend.
Be thou our God; guide us in earth's best way,
And bring us all to thee in endless day.

PRAYER.

We have entered into thy courts with thanksgiving and into thy gates with praise. Now, O thou Infinite Spirit, may we come into the innermost shrine of prayer and feel thy very presence as we speak to thee of the thanksgivings and the desires that arise in our hearts this day; the thanksgivings for all the memories of a strong and gracious past that this day brings with it to our hearts; our thanksgivings for our country and for all the blessings which thou dost pour upon it so richly; for all of education and of prosperity; more still, for all of truth, and righteousness, and brotherly love, of fair human liberty in which the fathers builded up this land, and which has come to us as the precious heritage of their life. For all these things we lift our hearts in praise and grateful remembrance this day. And here we gather, O our Father, beseeching that we may be worthy of those who have gone before. Not now for us the outward warfare in which they got their name and fame, not now for us the outward warfare in which they bled and died; for us the warfare against sin and evil and all wrong in private and public life, for us the endeavor to bring in thy kingdom — the kingdom of righteousness and truth — into this land. O help us, Lord, that more and more our lives may be consecrated to thee for the service of our time, as were the lives of our fathers in their day. Here, in this beloved city, which thou dost give to us for our dwelling-place, here in this land consecrated by so many holy memories of godliness and faithful service, strong courage, and high faith in the old times, may we all do our part amidst the busy cares of daily life, may we walk with strong feet of righteousness, and busy hands of useful industry and toil. Here, amid the common cares of the world, may we strive to live as children of the living God and disciples of the one great Master, keeping clean hands and pure hearts amidst the dealings of the world, and warring earnestly against the lusts of the flesh and all wrong and unrighteousness, dishonesty, selfishness, and sin, that still are in the land. O help us, Lord, in our private lives and personal living.

Help us to hold before our hearts the word and spirit of our Master, in whose great name we gather here this day, in whom our fathers found their light, guidance, and strength, and whom thou hast given to be our light, our guidance, and our help forever. Hear us and bless us now, our Father. May thy blessing be upon all the exercises of this day, that all may be as becometh thy servants and befitting the pure in heart, that all may have something of the spirit of the olden consecration, and something of earnest purpose for the time to come, and that so what we do may be acceptable to thee, and strengthen and help our hearts and lives forever. And all we ask is not for any worthiness of ours, but because of our exceeding need and thy exceeding mercy, and in the name of Jesus Christ, our Saviour and our Lord. Amen.

SOLO AND CHORUS ("FATHER IN HEAVEN") . . . . . HOWARD M. DOW.

Solo sung by Miss LILLIAN E. DOW.

SERMON.

Rev. BROOKE HERFORD.

ARMY HYMN.

Words by Dr. O. W. HOLMES. Music by GEORGE PEABODY, Esq.

O Lord of Hosts! Almighty King!
Behold the sacrifice we bring.
To every arm thy strength impart,
Thy Spirit shed through every heart.
Wake in our breasts the living fires,
The holy faith that warmed our sires.
Thy hand hath made our nation free,
To die for her, is serving thee.

God of all nations! Sovereign Lord!
In thy dread name we draw the sword.
We lift the starry flag on high,
That fills with light our stormy sky.
From treason's rent, from murder's stain,
Guard thou its folds, till Peace shall reign;
Till fort and field, till shore and sea,
Join our loud anthem, praise to thee!
Amen! Amen!

BENEDICTION.

And now unto God, the Father Almighty, be glory, and thanksgiving, and praise forever. And may the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, our Father, and the communion of the Holy Spirit, be with us and abide with us all this day and evermore. Amen.

ORGAN FINALE ("ANNIVERSARY MARCH").

The service was finished at 11.32 A. M., rather earlier than on some previous occasions. The sermon was one whose subject, "Obedience to Authority," was especially applicable to a congregation of military men, and it received many hearty commendations from those who heard it preached. It will be found in full in the closing pages of this record.

THE DINNER.

The return march was made by way of Boylston, Washington, Summer, High, and Congress Streets, Post-Office Square, State Street and Merchants Row, Faneuil Hall being reached at 12.30 o'clock. While the members of the company were laying aside their arms and accoutrements in a room in the Produce Exchange, the guests, whose number was constantly increasing, were entertained in one of the side rooms of Faneuil Hall. The delay, however, was only short. Half an hour after the arrival of the company, the guests were shown to the seats which had been assigned to them, and the Ancients followed. The old hall had been beautified for the occasion with flags, bunting, and flowers; and, with the many colored uniforms of the Ancients and their military visitors, its appearance was such as is only equalled at an Ancient celebration. In the centre of the ceiling was a glory of drooping flags, and from it streamers of red, white, and blue radiated to the supporting columns. Red, white, and blue draperies shrouded the front of the galleries, and formed a fitting background for the portraits of past commanders displayed thereon. A glory of flags surmounted the historic clock, while over the platform the red, white, and blue surmounted the massive picture there enthroned. The tables were tastefully, but not elaborately, decorated with flowers, and groaned with a profusion of good things intended for the inner man. Beside each plate was a *menu* with particulars of the anniversary on its front cover, and a representation of an armored soldier of 1638 upon the rear cover. Inside, appeared the names of the Committee of Arrangements, and the detail of the array of good things with which Caterer Dooling was to tempt the appetites of the soldiers and civilian guests after their morning march. These details were: —

SOUP.

Bouillon.

FISH.

Boiled Salmon, with Green Peas.

Cucumbers. Radishes. Sliced Tomatoes.

ROAST.

Spring Chicken. Spring Lamb.
Sirloin Beef. Green Goose.

VEGETABLES.

Mashed Potatoes. Green Peas.
Asparagus. String Beans.
Olives. Pickles.

ENTREES.

Chicken Salad. Lobster Salad.
Fillet of Beef, with Mushrooms. Chicken Croquettes.

GAME.

Potted Pigeons. Brandt.
Dressed Lettuce.

DESSERT.

Frozen Pudding. Charlotte Russe. Bisquet Tortoni.
Café Parfait. Vanilla Ice Cream.
Strawberry Ice Cream. Orange Sherbet.
Raspberry Sherbet. Roman Punch.

FRUIT.

Oranges. Bananas. Pineapples.
Nuts. Raisins.
Strawberries and Cream.

CHEESE. FRENCH COFFEE.

DOOLING, CATERER.

Capt. Thomas F. Temple, the Commander, occupied the centre of the table on the platform, sitting almost directly in front of the portrait of himself which had been procured for the gallery of past commanders of the corps. On his right sat Gov. Ames, on his left Mayor O'Brien, and at the other seats at the platform table other principal guests, including Collector Saltonstall, Major A. G. Robinson, Quartermaster, U. S. A.; Rev. Brooke Herford, Judge R. H. Cochran, of Toledo; Rev. A. H. Quint, of Dover, N. H.; and Mr. James W. Clarke, associate editor of the Boston *Globe*. At each end of the platform was a side table. At one of these tables sat the honorable body of past commanders; at the other, members of the committees for the day. Other members of the corps and others of the visitors sat in the body of the hall. The list of guests was a long one. Quite a number of the gentlemen who had been invited had signified their inability to be present, but those who had accepted the invitations, and many of whom were present, included, in addition to the governor and mayor, and the other gentlemen noted as occupying seats upon the platform, Adjt.-Gen. Dalton, Col. Thomas Sherwin, Col. Morgan Rotch, Col. Allen G. Shepherd, and Col. Rockwood Hoar, of the governor's staff; Aldermen Donovan, Allen, Sullivan, McLaughlin, C. W. Smith, N. G. Smith, Carroll, Bromwich, Maguire, Capen, and Lee; Revs. E. A. Horton, Minot J. Savage; E. C. Bolles, of Salem, L. T. Townsend, of Watertown, and W. H. Ryder, of Gloucester; Lieut.-Col. J. L. Roome, Commanding United States Marines; Major G. W. Baird, Paymaster, U. S. A.; Major J. C. McKee, Surgeon, U. S. A.; Capt. T. C. Sullivan, Commissary, U. S. A.; Capt. Samuel McKeever, Second U. S. Infantry; Major Horace G. Kemp, First Battalion Cavalry, M. V. M.; Capt. I. H. Allard, National Lancers; Capt. D. F. Henderson, Roxbury Horse Guards; Col. W. E. Clark, Brig.-Gen. C. R. Dennis, Major I. R. Dorrance, and Capt. and

Adjt. Fred B. Burt, Providence Light Infantry Veterans; Col. W. H. Thornton, Major Samuel T. Douglass, and Adjt. J. F. Phetteplace, Providence Light Infantry; Major Lewis Simons, Capt. E. F. Trow, and Adjt. John B. Abbott, Amoskeag Veterans of Manchester, N. H.; Capt. George E. Fairbanks and Lieut. William J. Hogg, Worcester Continentals; George H. Harlow, Clerk Worcester Continentals; Major J. C. Kinney and Lieut. J. R. Dwyer, Governor's Foot Guard, Hartford, Conn.; Aug. P. Sherman, First Vice-President Newport Veteran Artillery Association; Brig.-Gen. Fred Barton, of New Haven; Col. W. C. Mowry, Norwich, Conn.; Lieuts. A. M. Sanders and James Hamil, Old Guard of New York; Capt. Thomas Manning and Lieut. Douglass Greene, of the First Hussars, New York; Capt. J. G. B. Adams, Sergeant-at-Arms; Mr. Howard M. Dow, Mr. H. A. M'Glenen, Mr. Robert B. Brigham, Lieut. David Pulsifer, Mr. Fred Hassam, of Hyde Park; Lieut. I. O. Harvey, of Pittsfield; Mr. George E. McKay, Superintendent of Faneuil Hall Market; Hon. F. G. Jillison, of Providence; Mr. Alexander P. Browne, Lieut. E. H. Smith, of Boston; Dr. Charles G. Davis and Mr. Daniel B. Hubbard, of Worcester; and Mr. J. O. Harvey. Among those who had been invited, but who found themselves unable to be present, were President Cleveland; Hon. William Endicott, Secretary of War; Gov. Bodwell, of Maine; Gen. Sherman, Gen. Sheridan, Major-Gen. Schofield; Commandant McCann, of the Navy Yard; Capt. John Egan, Fourth United States Artillery; and Major George W. McLean, Old Guard of New York; and some of the letters and telegrams of regret which were received are appended: —

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON.

The President has received the invitation of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Massachusetts to be present in Boston at the celebration of their anniversary, the first Monday in June, and he regrets that its acceptance is impracticable.

TUESDAY, May 31, 1887.

WAR DEPARTMENT, OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY,
WASHINGTON, May 23, 1887.

My dear Sir, — I regret that my engagements will not permit of my being in Boston on Monday, June 6th next, and I am therefore compelled to decline the invitation of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company to meet with them in the celebration of their anniversary on that date.

With an expression of my best wishes for this most honorable command, and trusting that one and all may have an enjoyable meeting,

I am, very truly, your friend,

WM. C. ENDICOTT.

CAPT. THOS. F. TEMPLE, *Commanding*
Ancient and Honorable Artillery, Faneuil Hall, Boston, Mass.

STATE OF MAINE, EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
AUGUSTA, May 31, 1887.

LIEUT. GEORGE H. ALLEN, *Clerk*
Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, Boston, Mass.

Dear Sir, — I regret that it will not be in my power to be present at the anniversary of your company on the 6th of June next.

Please say to the members that I appreciate the honor conferred, and I beg you to accept my thanks for the invitation so courteously communicated. I have the honor to be,

Very respectfully yours,
JOSEPH R. BODWELL,
Governor.

ARMY BUILDING, NEW YORK, May 23, 1887.

CAPT. THOMAS F. TEMPLE,
Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, Boston, Mass.

My dear Sir, — I beg to acknowledge receipt of your invitation on behalf of the above organization, asking my presence and participation, as one of the Honorary Staff, on the occasion of the celebration of their two hundred and forty-ninth anniversary, on Monday, June 6th, *proximo*.

In consequence of former positive commitments, I regret to say it will be impossible to avail myself of the honor of attending the same.

With kindly assurances of my appreciation of the compliment, I am,

Very truly yours,
W. T. SHERMAN,
General.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES,
WASHINGTON, D. C., May 21, 1887.

CAPT. THOMAS F. TEMPLE,
Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Massachusetts, Boston, Mass.

Dear Sir, — In reply to your very cordial invitation to be present at the celebration of your anniversary, Monday, June 6th, I am obliged to send my regrets, as my time is so fully occupied with other engagements which cannot be cancelled, and official duties, that I will have to deny myself the pleasure of meeting the members of your Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company on the occasion named. Thanking you for the compliment you have paid me, I remain,

Yours truly,
P. H. SHERIDAN,
Lieutenant-General.

FORT ADAMS, NEWPORT, R. I., May 31, 1887.

CAPT. THOMAS F. TEMPLE,
Commanding Ancient and Honorable Artillery.

Sir, — I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your very kind invitation to be present at the celebration of the two hundred forty-ninth anniversary of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery, and to express my thanks for it, and the appreciated compliment of a place on your staff. I regret very much that my duties here will prevent me enjoying the very great pleasure and honor you have tendered me. Very respectfully and thankfully,

Your obedient servant,
JOHN EGAN,
Captain Fourth Artillery

CAPT. TEMPLE, *Commanding*
Honorable Artillery Company, Faneuil Hall:

Sorry not to be with you. Accept warmest wishes that my dear old comrades, the Ancients, in celebrating their anniversary, may repeat the old-time glory.

MAJOR GEORGE W. McLEAN.

When everybody was seated, Commander Temple rapped for order, and introduced Rev. Brooke Herford, the chaplain, who invoked the divine blessing. Then, at 1.20 P. M., the attack on the edibles and other necessaries of an anniversary dinner began, and for over an hour but little was heard save the clatter of knives and forks rising above the hum of conversation, and accentuated by a frequent "pop," of most suspicious but quite enjoyable sound. Cigars were not reached until 2.30 P. M. When the hall began to wear a hazy aspect, as the smoke from hundreds of cigars ascended, the Salem Cadet Band, stationed in the gallery, played the "Railroad Galop," one of its most popular selections with the Ancients. When the applause which followed the rendering of this piece had subsided, Commander Temple rapped for order, and addressed the company. The speeches of himself and of the various gentlemen whom he introduced to respond to the toasts, which Adjt. Thompson announced, are given below. They were interspersed with music by the band.

THE SPEECHES.

CAPT. THOMAS F. TEMPLE.

Gentlemen of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Massachusetts, — For myself and the gentlemen who have kindly consented to come here and respond to your toasts, I ask that we may have such silence in the hall that they may be heard by those who desire to hear them.

Gentlemen, for the honor of occupying this position to-day, I desire to return my sincere thanks. I congratulate you upon the favorable circumstances under which you have assembled here to celebrate the two hundred and forty-ninth anniversary of the first chartered military company of Massachusetts, of which this company is the lineal descendant. To my associates, the commissioned and non-commissioned officers and staff, and to each and every member of the command, I desire to acknowledge my indebtedness for the services which they have rendered and the loyal support which they have given me on all occasions. To our invited guests I extend a cordial welcome. [*Applause.*]

During the past year death has removed many from our ranks, among them several of our most prominent and valued members, whose services, not alone to this corps, but to their country and the

community in which they lived, have made their names familiar in our mouths as household words.

We miss from our gathering to-day the dignified and gracious presence of Col. Marshall P. Wilder, an active member of our organization for fifty-nine years [*applause*], its commander thirty-one years ago, a man who performed with conscientious fidelity all the duties of a citizen-soldier of the Republic.

We miss, too, the soldierly form of Col. Isaac Hull Wright, who served with distinction in the Mexican War, and whose service was recognized soon after his return home by being selected, thirty-seven years ago, as your commander. [*Applause.*]

We miss, also, the sturdy form of Major Ben: Perley Poore, the commander of 1873, the veteran journalist, writer, and author, who had hoped to crown his literary efforts with the history of this company. [*Applause.*]

We mourn the loss from our ranks of Lieut. Edwin Adams, a veteran member, and Sergt. Wm. C. Pfaff, whose long and faithful service had endeared them to us all. [*Applause.*] And there is another whose familiar face we shall see no more at the head of our column — our old drummer, Daniel Simpson [*applause*], who, although not a member of our company, had become identified with us through a service of more than half a century.

From our honorary list we have lost Chester A. Arthur, of New York, whose genial qualities raised up for him a host of friends wherever he was known [*applause*], and who, in the highest position in the land, and under circumstances the most trying, won renown as an able executive and a wise statesman.

The history of our organization during the past year has been one of more than ordinary interest. On the 17th of June, by invitation of the Webster Historical Society, your officers visited Concord, N. H., and took part as the guests of the State in the ceremonies attending the dedication of the statue of Daniel Webster. [*Applause.*] The fall field day was very happily observed in an entirely original manner. Instead of visiting some other city, as has been the custom, and getting up an entertainment of a semi-official character, an excursion was made to the White Mountains, the members being accompanied by their ladies. [*Applause.*] The admirable arrangements made by the committee having the matter in charge, and the fine weather which prevailed during the trip, made the occasion one long to be remembered, and worthy of record as a red-letter day in the history of the corps. During the spring, Lieut. W. H. Hayward, of the Honourable Artillery Company of London, made our city a brief visit. [*Applause.*] The uncertainty of his coming and the briefness of his stay rendered it impossible to extend to him an official recognition; but members of the company maintained its high reputation for hospitality, and rendered his stay with us agreeable and pleasant. Several military organizations in this and neighboring States have extended to us the customary civilities of the season, and they have been accepted by your officers as often as private duties would permit.

Our annual meetings in this historic hall, to which we welcome the representatives of the city, the State, and the nation, and in which party strife and personal feeling give way to broader and nobler sentiments of patriotism, have a distinct value which the community appreciates. If it were not so, we should not be here to-day. The significance of our organization is to be found in its traditions of unswerving devotion to liberty, protected by law. Its long and honorable career carries with it an element of conservatism which is well worth preserving and cherishing. [*Applause.*]

Fifty-one years ago, on the sixth day of June, 1836, the then governor of the Commonwealth, Edward Everett [*applause*], spoke with rare eloquence at our anniversary meeting of "that feeling of respect for the work and the memory of our fathers to which we owe the perpetuity of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company." "I have always," he said, "considered this feeling one of the safeguards of the Republic, as one of the best correctives of the violence of the selfish and party passions of the day." [*Applause.*]

The close connection which existed in the early days of the Puritan Commonwealth between this organization and the first church and first college has often been commented upon. The first church celebrated its quarter millennium in 1882; Harvard College, four years later, although not formally established by act of incorporatian until 1650, twelve years after the company which we represent was chartered. Next year it will be our time to celebrate our two hundred and fiftieth birthday, and I trust it will be done in that liberal and catholic spirit which has ever characterized the doings of this body; that, ignoring precedents, the church and the school with which we held close communion in the beginning will be recognized and welcomed, as they have always been, to seats of honor at our festive board. [*Applause.*]

1638.

Two centuries are sped and gone,
Near half the third has passed away,
Since the first rays of glowing morn
Burst brightly on "our natal day."

Through peace and conflict, sun and cloud,
No shock has riven, no storm has stayed;
But ever ready, strong, and proud,
Our ranks have stood, our flag displayed.

1775.

When first the shot on Concord's field
The startled world in wonder heard,
On Bunker's heights, when stood revealed
Fair Freedom's flag, then first unfurled;

1783. When 'mid the nations of the earth
We stood, *a country* proud and free;
1812. When ceased the groans that gave us birth.
We held *our rights* upon the sea;

When, blinded and by error led,
1861. Our flag from Sumter's wall was torn
By traitor hand, rebellion red,
Setting its "single star" forlorn;

And when the streets of Baltimore
1861. Were stained with blood and loud with strife,
And loyal sons uprose once more
For freedom and their country's life;

When o'er our whole wide-stretched domain
1865. Pure, white-winged Peace returned to cheer;
When Appomattox brought again
The ploughshare for the sword and spear;

Then were WE THERE, *as here to-day,*
For right, for justice, and for truth;
No power, save Heaven's, shall ever stay
The course of our perennial youth. [*Great applause.*]

Nations, like *men*, are born to die;
To *all* things here the end must come;
While Freedom's banner floats on high,
While ear shall hear her fife and drum, —

Until our land shall pass away, —
Long as Columbia's life shall last,
Still may WE *live*, pride of *to-day*
And jewel of a glorious past. [*Great applause and cheers.*]

Gentlemen of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, I hold in my hand a letter from the secretary of the Honourable Artillery Company of London, which was handed to me after the lines were formed to-day. I ask your attention to it: —

HONOURABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY, ARMOURY HOUSE,
FINSBURY, May 25, 1887.

Sir, — I am directed by the President, Vice-President, Treasurer and Court of Assistants of the Honourable Artillery Company, on behalf of the members of the regiment, to request the honor of your company, the officers and a delegation of the members of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston, at the forthcoming celebration of the three hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the Honourable Artillery Company of London, which will be celebrated at headquarters, on Monday, the 11th of July next.

The Court would suggest that the delegation should reach London not later than Friday, the 1st of July, in order to witness the Royal Volunteer review before the Queen on the 2d of July, and during the following week the delegation will be entertained by various clubs and associations connected with the regiment, and escorted on various excursions of interest.

The Court will be glad to know the probable number of the delegation, in order that adequate arrangements may be made for their comfort and enjoyment.

Believe me, very truly yours,
R. W. BLAND HUNT,
Secretary.

To Commandant, Officers and Members of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston.

Great applause followed the reading of this communication. Commander Temple continued: —

A letter has also been received from Capt. Woolmer Williams, seconding the request, and saying that we had only to let him know, and every effort in his power would be made to make the occasion one of enjoyment to one and all. [*Applause.*]

Gentlemen, I take pleasure in presenting to you at this time, as the toast-master of the occasion, our Adjutant, Capt. Newell A. Thompson. [*Great applause.*]

CAPT. THOMPSON. — Mr. Commander, members of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, and gentlemen, I have the honor to present as the first regular toast, —

The Commonwealth of Massachusetts — Loyal, patriotic and conservative; the beneficence of her conduct and example will prove her proudest legacy.

THE COMMANDER. — Gentlemen of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, I take pleasure in presenting to you his Excellency Oliver Ames, also a member of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company. [*Tremendous applause, followed by three rousing cheers.*]

GOVERNOR AMES.

Mr. Commander and Gentlemen, — Once more the Commonwealth extends to you its cordial greeting. It sees in this organization, with its unbroken record of nearly two hundred and fifty years, a body of its most loyal and public-spirited citizens, and it accords willingly to you that peculiar privilege, exemption from jury duty, by which you are almost as well known as you are by your very attractive and very remarkable uniforms, — uniforms which show a regular course of evolution almost from the organization of your corps to the present day. [*Laughter and applause.*]

Every Massachusetts man, and especially every Bostonian, has a kind feeling for the Ancient and Honorable Company, for it has in its ranks, as it ever has had, representatives of the best and noblest types of American citizens. I am sure that your future will be worthy of your past, and that in coming years a long series of governors will come here to repeat to you words of greeting and congratulation on behalf of the Commonwealth. [*Applause.*]

I cannot close without thanking you for your most cordial reception. [*Loud continued applause.*]

Second regular toast —

The President of the United States — Whose noblest motive is the public good.

THE COMMANDER. — Gentlemen, to respond to this toast, I have the pleasure of introducing to you a gentleman who is no stranger to the

Ancients, formerly a member and connected by blood with some of the earliest members of this company. I have the pleasure of presenting to you Hon. Leverett Saltonstall, collector of the port of Boston. [*Prolonged applause.*]

COLLECTOR SALTONSTALL.

Mr. Commander and Gentlemen, — It gives me great pleasure to find myself again at your hospitable board. It is impossible to believe that a year has sped away since I last dined with you, one two hundred and forty-ninth part of the existence of this venerable corps. You may remember that I then recounted my ancestral as well as personal relations with the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, through former commanders, sub-officers, and high privates, from the very foundation of the corps, so that I feel at home with you, and thank you for the honor you do me in calling upon me to respond to the toast to the President of the United States [*applause*], who I wish might have been here to speak for himself [*great applause*], but I would not have him cut off one day or one hour from his richly earned vacation, nor abridge one moment that rest and recreation among the glorious Adirondacks which he so much needs — nor would you [*Great applause.*]

The chief magistrate of this great Republic has a mighty task to perform, and the people always tremble for the life of him who, to so great a degree, holds in trust its destinies.

As the country leaps forward with gigantic strides, equalling, ay, surpassing in wealth and population the great nations of the world, it causes us much anxiety to think how any man can possibly endure the dreadful strain of the office of President.

When the people recognize in a President the actuating principle to be the public welfare, then indeed the hearts of all people are touched. Esteem is warmed by gratitude. Confidence in his integrity turns to admiration for his zeal and single-hearted devotion to his country's interests. [*Applause.*] And what a thought it is! Sixty millions of people looking to the President of their choice with trust and confidence, ay, the larger part with affection, as to the true leader, the pilot of the ship of state. [*Applause.*]

Your Commander alluded to the commemoration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Harvard University last year. That was, on the whole, the most interesting day I remember ever to have known. There were assembled nearly all her living children: the venerable men, who, with feeble steps, walked through the grounds where they had passed their happy college days at the beginning of the century; the strong men who now fill the places of honor and trust; the young, radiant with hope and promise, to whom we look with earnest and prayerful hearts to faithfully perform the work before them as their fathers have done, or are trying to do; while the grounds and the windows of the college halls were filled with the glowing faces of students, who sent a deep thrill through the hearts of all by their joyous cheers. In front of this grand procession of old and young, surrounded by distinguished guests, walked the President of the United States. [*Great applause.*]

The procession marched into that glorious hall between the tablets and busts commemorating founders and benefactors, where we were carried back by orator and poet to the early settlement of the country, when the fathers voted, only six years after the settlement of the Massachusetts Colony, to found a college for the religious and intellectual training of her young men, and so down through the centuries, through all our country's varied history, to the present day.

And next year, Mr. Commander and gentlemen, — excuse me for speaking of it now, but I feel as if it were perfectly appropriate in view of the preparations that have to be made for such an occasion, — the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company will celebrate its two hundred and fiftieth anniversary [*great applause*], showing that, in the language of Hawthorne, "it still sustains a corporate existence, and marches down from past ages with an ancient and honorable fame." [*Applause.*]

Your history is full of interest. As the fathers provided for the religious and intellectual advancement of their sons, they also took care that they should as men be able to defend themselves against wily savage or foreign foe, and grandly was the part assigned this company performed.

By example, as well as by military exercise, they taught the men who fought the great fight, and triumphed in their struggle for existence, the great lesson of self-reliance.

And thus it was that, as the school for the soldiers, the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company had much to do with giving the fathers of the Revolution that spirit of independence and readiness to take up arms in defence of their liberties against the strongest nation, which has always excited the wonder and admiration of the world. [*Applause.*]

Our best and most distinguished citizens were always found to march in its ranks, and as I said last year, this spirit should be maintained.

I have said that the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Harvard was graced by the presence of our honored President, and next year may we not hope that he may dine with this time-honored corps in Faneuil Hall [*great applause*], and thus spare you another speech from the collector?

Whether this be brought about or not, I trust that interesting anniversary may prove to be the incentive for another two hundred and fifty years of prosperity and usefulness to the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company. [*Great applause.*]

THE COMMANDER. — Gentlemen, you see in my hands an article of this description for the first time. [*Holding up a flask.*] I have it simply for the benefit and the advantage of this corps. I hold here the flask of Daniel Webster, presented to Mr. Hassam by his widow in 1853. It has been filled with punch used at the two hundred and forty-ninth anniversary, and is to be forwarded to President Cleveland in his retirement in the mountains, with the assurance that it is only a foretaste of what he may expect on the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary. [*Tremendous applause.*]

Third regular toast —

The City of Boston — "*Clarum et venerabile nomen.*" We love every inch of her soil, we are proud of every page of her history. To the picket's challenge, "Who comes there?" we respond, "*Civis Bostoniensis.*"

THE COMMANDER. — Gentlemen, we are particularly fortunate in having with us the mayor of the city this afternoon, and he is particularly fortunate in being called upon to respond to the toast of the city of Boston. Acquiring his education in our public schools, fitting himself for manhood within our borders, having been seven years called by his fellow-citizens to occupy a place in the higher branch of the City Council, and having been again and again elected by them to the honorable and arduous yet responsible position of mayor, with

the long experience that he has, he certainly is able to speak to us for the city of Boston. I take great pleasure in presenting to you his Honor the Mayor, Hugh O'Brien. [*Continued applause, followed by three cheers for the mayor of Boston.*]

MAYOR O'BRIEN.

Mr. Commander, — Allow me, as chief magistrate of the city, to congratulate you upon the fine appearance of your command on their two hundred and forty-ninth anniversary. In looking down at you from this elevated platform, gentlemen, I notice also that the bill of fare has been quickly disposed of, and this is an indication that your physical condition is good. [*Applause.*] Allow me to congratulate also the city of Boston, that within her limits we have the oldest military organization in the country, an organization with two hundred and forty-nine years of honorable record. [*Applause.*]

In the language of your sentiment, Boston is a distinguished name, distinguished among the great cities of the country for her culture and institutions of learning, distinguished for her charitable organizations, her hospitals, her institutions for the poor and the afflicted, covering almost every vicissitude in life from infancy to old age. For this splendid record, Mr. Commander, we are indebted to a great extent to the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company. [*Applause.*] During more than eight generations, on the roll of membership you have had the most distinguished names of citizens of Boston, distinguished in the learned professions, mayors of the city, governors of the State, representatives and senators in Congress; and to you we are greatly indebted for the great distinction that Boston holds in the country. [*Applause.*]

In the language of your sentiment, also, "Who comes there?" I reply, a citizen of Boston, clothed with a little brief authority, but prouder of the distinction of a citizen of Boston than anything else. [*Great applause.*] As Collector Saltonstall has said, I hope your two hundred and fiftieth anniversary will be a memorable event in the history of Boston, and, knowing that I speak the sentiment of every citizen of Boston, I wish you God-speed and many years of prosperity. [*Great applause.*]

Fourth regular toast —

Our Chaplain — Whose profession represents "an everlasting loadstar, that beams the brighter in the heavens the darker here on earth grows the night."

THE COMMANDER. — Gentlemen of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, it affords me much pleasure to present to you officially the Chaplain of the year, Rev. Brooke Herford. [*Great applause.*]

REV. BROOKE HERFORD.

Mr. Commander and Fellow-Members, — for I suppose that for a year now I am entitled to the privilege of being one of your honorable company, and it seems to me as if it was quite likely that I might have to do as much fighting as anybody else [*laughter and applause*], — It has been said by a great writer, that peace hath its victories as well as war; I suppose that this is one of them. [*Laughter and applause.*] But I did not wonder, as I was marching through the sunny streets of Boston, and trying to keep step with a general and the governor, that if you had been marching for two hundred and forty-nine years, you had got to a period when you were very glad to lay aside the fighting and to have a little feasting.

Gentlemen, I spoke my serious word to you this morning, the best word I knew, and I have no more of that kind to say. But I am glad to be with you here. Ever since I have come to Boston, I have seen periodically these interesting memorials of the past marching through our streets, and I have wondered what cabalistic and mysterious rites they were going to celebrate. [*Laughter.*] Gentlemen, I now know all about it. [*Laughter and applause.*] I have had my part, and I will only say that I am glad my part came in the morning instead of in the afternoon. [*Laughter and applause.*] I will only further say, in thanking you for your hospitality to-day, that I hope you enjoyed my sermon as much as I have enjoyed your dinner. [*Great laughter and applause.*]

Fifth regular toast —

The volunteer Soldiers in the Rebellion —

"But when your troubled country call'd you forth,
Your flaming courage and your matchless worth
To fierce contention gave a prosp'rous end."

THE COMMANDER. — Gentlemen, years ago, whenever there was a position to be filled, the saying was, "That will go to Ohio." Ohio has a man for this sentiment. I take pleasure in presenting to you my personal friend, Judge Cochran, of Toledo, Ohio, who was one of four brothers in the Ohio regiments during the war, and since then has been connected with the Grand Army. I take great pleasure in presenting him to you, Judge R. H. Cochran, of Toledo, Ohio. [*Great applause.*]

JUDGE R. H. COCHRAN.

My friend, the Commander, seldom makes a mistake, and the one he has just made is so insignificant that I perhaps ought not to correct it; but there were six brothers of us instead of four. [*Great applause.*] I told the Captain that I was going to prepare two responses, one to deliver impromptu if there was no wine and I was entirely sober, and the other, to read in case the other event had taken place. [*Laughter and applause.*] I will have to read. [*Continued laughter and applause.*]

The Rebellion of 1861 was a mighty debate, wherein, at self call, the people in the people's war, with the libation of their best blood, sealed the decree — let us hope immutable — that the Union must remain, and that "government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth." [*Applause.*]

The verbal clash of schools and systems intensified into the clash of arms on more than two thousand battle-fields. The civilian, by the million, put himself to instant training to become a mighty force to make and meet the shock and storm of unmatched war; and your sentiment condenses these millions into one, whom you call a volunteer.

This volunteer was a wonderful compound of citizen, sovereign, and subaltern. Unskilled in arms, he loved peace and abhorred war; devoted to his home, in love with his family, used to competence and comfort, fitted to adorn civil station, he did not abandon all these to risk the storm of battle, the fever of camp, and the hells of prison, for the promised pittance of forty-three and a third cents a day. He brought to the camp and field a freeman's hope and will, the culture and forces of a freeman's home, and the art, science, industries, and attainments of a high civilization. He came from every vocation and profession, up from the home and heart and hope of all the people, and he brought to the

cause a sublime conviction that "thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just." Never was transformation from citizen to soldier — rather combination of both — more rapid. [*Applause.*]

Whether his enlistment was impulse and act in one, or the fruit of settled purpose, it was the growth of the same germ — the love of something higher than a love of self, and a profound devotion to nationality, spelled with a big American N, and written in indelible red, white, and blue, on the clear upper Union sky. He possessed the intuition and inspiration that come of liberty regulated by law, and he conceived that liberty to be not the mere engrossment of an abstract idea, but a supreme, living, throbbing, impelling principle, and he was taught that

> "A day, an hour of virtuous liberty
> Is worth a whole eternity of bondage."

But he was human, and it is not claimed that he was always supremely fitted to be the highest type of a Sunday-school superintendent. [*Laughter and applause.*] He was a make-up of good, better, and best, with a mixture here and there of other qualities. He compassed the realm of versatility, and was a fair embodiment of patriotism and self-abnegation when in line of duty; now and then, for the sake of variety, he was numerously something else. He would almost invade realms "prejudicial to good order and military discipline" to tease a comrade, flay a flunky, get a top rail, a broad laugh, or a square meal. At petty tyranny or invasion of right, if he was the victim, he was a star kicker from the United States of Ohio, or some other sovereignty, a squatter sovereign who would n't squat, and he was deemed worthy of promotion to "teamster" when he became master of a certain quality of verbal dynamite, and realized the awful verity of the old adage, "that it 's a poor mule that won't work both ways." [*Great applause.*]

Let us not place this hero above the gods, in realms ideal and unattainable, but keep him where he belongs, in real flesh and blood, so that the children now and to come may feel that they too have in them the stuff of which real heroes are made, and be ambitious to grow and become, if need be, the splendid hero this volunteer really was; for against a most valiant foe he fought many battles, whose percentage of losses of life and limbs, and capture of war munitions, exceed the great battles of any great war in history, because the armies on each side in our great Rebellion were composed of this same volunteer, with difference of education, but no less earnest opinion and conviction as to the real right in the issue.

His ever-present sense of danger, and desire to avoid it, were subordinate to his higher sense of duty, and his fear of death was second to his fear of dishonor. He was the aggregate everybody from everywhere who knew everything and could do anything. [*Laughter.*] He was the culture, courage, and patriotism of the Republic under arms, its nervous fluid, wit, and genius in camp, and himself everywhere. He was a multifarious fellow — sometimes demurrable — a regular Yankee kaleidoscope, whether born in America, or on the Rhine, the Dundee, or the Shannon. His patriotic intuition or intelligent conviction was safe guide to duty, even though he would sometimes get national mottoes, native sentiment, and literary accuracy a little tangled in *E pluribus Erin Unum go Braugh.* His caution when making a long or short haul on a hen-roost or distillery was guided by a somewhat obscure interstate commerce in poor Richard's maxims, A bird in the hand runs deep, and "still" water is worth two in a bush. [*Laughter and applause.*]

At the outset he believed he was a sovereign, knew he was a general, and only yielded obedience to others because it was law typified by commission, wherein he was himself commanding himself by proxy, with full knowledge that while

he was everybody's man he was nobody's man and every man was his. Such is the genius of our institutions, the sublime simplicity or simple sublimity of which was never better illustrated than at the National Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic a few years since at Minneapolis, when Sherman, general of all the armies, turned to his drummer boy of Missionary Ridge, and saluting, addressed him as "Commander-in-Chief." [*Applause.*]

Our volunteer was a man of many moods, — I would like to have a little water, this champagne don't help me [*laughter*], — grave and gay by turns, joking when in earnest, and serious when exploding with fun. He believed that "the best way is as good as any," and was so absolutely contented with his soldier life, that he gave it voice and volatility in rhyme and symphony that would eclipse a laureate and stun a prima donna, thus: —

> I 'm a happy volunteer;
> I wish I was n't here;
> I 'd rather be at home with the army in the rear.
> And I 'll ne'er enlist again,
> Unless it be as brigadier,
> With leave to stay at home "till the clouds roll by."
> [*Laughter and applause.*]

At times, when thinking of the girl or knapsack he left behind him, or when in other abstract mood, the law of property gladly yielded reluctantly to the law of individual or regimental necessity, but he seldom frequently took all he needed, and never that he did n't desire, unless he did n't know precisely what he wanted, which was often; in which event he would, like Mrs. Toodles, anticipate the time when it might be handy to have it in the camp.

When detected by an admiring superior in an act of oblique appropriation, he was generosity itself [*laughter and applause*], especially if both he and the officer had a practical sense of the condoning qualities of division and silence, and thence between them anything of beauty, or good to take, in a common canteen, haversack or mess-chest was a joy — while it lasted.

In a spirit of resigned symposium this volunteer would sometimes drink something from the same or some other something. He could condescend to accept from his general, or any other equal, and appreciate with solemn and absorbing relish the liquefaction of an "eye-opener," or the significant license of "mine eyes be shut for one half-hour."

With profound humor or infinite adaptation to occasion, he could obey a corporal, command an army, lead a forlorn hope, fight a battle without orders, as at Missionary Ridge, or invade a sweet-potato patch; deliver moral homilies to a brevet horse, or chide a chaplain; storm a fort or invade a bee-hive; master the Constitution, Kansas-Nebraska Bill, Articles of War, International Law, Evolution, chuck a luck, desiccated vegetables or flapjacks; translate Virgil, Choctaw, or Halleck, or by rhetorical analysis determine the antiquity of a piece of flitch or the pre-Adamic archæology of an army cracker. [*Laughter.*]

If signalled by a comrade to "Hold the fort, I'm coming," his characteristic answer, like that of your own Corse [*applause*], would be hilariously gallant, but too surprisingly emphatic and orthodox ever to be reduced to hymnal.

Let us dwell a moment on the more serious and enduring qualities of this many-sided character.

He watched the progress of the strife, penetrated the disguises of campaigns, criticised with keen analysis the tactics and strategy of commanders, and with the intelligence of a freeman and elector watched, and by voice and ballot aided in directing civil affairs, that the war might be waged to enduring issue and liberty be set above price, intrigue, or assault. When off duty he was often seen with text-book in hand, storing his mind and fitting himself for the profes-

sions and multifold duties and stations of civil life when the cruel war should be over.

One supreme aim and excellence of his service was to secure broader liberty and better law, not alone to himself, but also to him who struck the erring blow.

And is it not a source of exceeding joy and glad acclaim to you and to all on this, your two hundred and forty-ninth anniversary, that

> "His flaming courage and his matchless worth
> To fierce contention gave a prosp'rous end"?

[*applause*], that the strife of the brothers is closed, and that all the heroism of the united fathers and of their late contending sons remains a matchless glory and a dazzling inheritance in which all are heirs and equal sharers,

> "The man alike who, erring, wore the gray,
> With him who wore the loyal blue,
> True to each other now, and hence alway
> To flag and home forever true"?

When the war closed, the world was better for the fray, and our volunteer melted into the civil list, rounded into a nobler, better manhood, and became in every neighborhood and in all the relations of life the nucleus of a better and higher civilization.

If the clouds hung heavily at Bull Run and lifted at Donelson, and came and went with the varying fortunes of the war, they melted into a shower of soldierly accord at Appomattox that should ever be held as a revelation and benediction. At the close of the strife the lives of 360,000 of the Union volunteers had gone out. If living to-day and standing in line of single rank, they would present a front of one hundred and sixty miles.

Here, within the walls of old Faneuil Hall, full of glorious histories, traditions, and memories moved by this inspiring presence, and remembering the illustrious names that enrich the roll of your Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, 'way back to 1638, under the lengthening shadow of Bunker Hill Monument, not far from ever-remembered Lexington, Concord, and many other sacred spots of Revolutionary fame, with memory crowded with the impressions and inspirations of my childhood readings, I would be untrue to you, whose guest I am, to my personal friend, your Commander, and to the fair fame of Massachusetts, did I fail to declare that much of the better part of which this matchless volunteer is made first found plant and home, and everlasting type and illustration, in the old Bay State [*applause, and three cheers for the old Bay State*]; and that millions of the impulses and inspirations which have impelled men everywhere to the elevated thought, generous deeds, and noble darings, which now enrich our national life, are seeds of your sowing and a rich part of the immortality that adorns the roll of your gallant living and your glorious dead.

The best soldier in embryo is the obedient boy of the true mother, the devoted son and brother, the lover and defender of his home. He becomes the true citizen, and is the hope and promise of civil liberty and of mankind. We cherish and extol his qualities and fame, not as hero worshipper, but because he is an example of the tendencies, developments, and supreme excellences of home rule and self-government. [*Applause.*]

Sixth regular toast —

Our Invited Guests — Their presence is a recognition of their interest in our time-honored corps and of what it represents, and an approval of the work which has held together in an unbroken chain the soldiers of 1638 with those of 1887.

THE COMMANDER. — Gentlemen, I have the honor of presenting to you to respond to the toast of "Our Invited Guests," a past chaplain of this corps, also a past chaplain of the Second Massachusetts Regiment, Rev. A. H. Quint. [*Great applause, followed by three cheers.*]

REV. A. H. QUINT, D. D.

Mr. Commander and Comrades, — I recognize the voice of comrades in the very kind greeting which you have given to me. I suppose the first thing I am expected to do is to express the thanks of the invited guests for the honor done them on this occasion. Consider that already done. I asked one of the officers to-day who the invited guests were for whom I was to respond, and he told me the list was too long, it would take all the afternoon, and I got no information. I asked another one, and he said, "You are one." "All right," said I, "I may pass a unanimous vote myself." Then I asked another gentleman, and he said it was the past chaplains, and I see quite a number of them down there.

One of the gentlemen told me that the past chaplains were the invited guests, and I thought over the list and came to the conclusion that their faith was variegated, year by year, as the uniforms of the first part of this company are; and that if the rule on which this company was originally organized had prevailed to-day, you would not have had the eloquence of your preacher, because when, in 1638, this company was organized, the magistrates of Massachusetts called up the officers to ask them if they believed in the doctrine of the Trinity and justification by faith. [*Laughter and applause.*] They had some suspicions on that matter, but were satisfied. Then somebody told me that the invited guests represented the State — well, one has; and the city — one has; and some other departments — and they have. It requires courage to speak for an unknown quantity. Well, I have got courage, and I will tell you where I learned it. It was out in the brigade in Virginia, where I was in the fall of 1862, that I learned what true courage was. The fact was, we were rather short of provisions, and there took place what is called in the annals of that brigade the battle of Sheep Mountain, in which certain sheep became mutton. When divers men were called up to account for the battle, I remember one of them saying, "Colonel, I don't brag much of my courage, but when a sheep attacks me I am going to defend myself." [*Great laughter.*] And that is my case — though I don't mean to say that any sheep is attacking me to-day. Then, as to the matter of courage, I want to know if I did not go with you down to Washington. [*Laughter and applause.*] I want to know if there were not more that two hundred of us marched round there. I want to know if when we stayed an hour and a half round that monument, waiting for a high functionary to finish his breakfast, and every band had its instruments, except the drum, frozen up, that was not true courage. You remember it; and then you remember that march in the winter, how we marched there in gallant style, and you remember it took as much courage to get through the Washington campaign as it did our distinguished friend here to speak his piece under the circumstances in which he said he found himself. That is not true, for he has been taking Apollinaris. I watched him. [*Laughter.*]

But I must hurry on a little. To-day the invited guests are here because they feel honored by the invitation. This company is the permanent institution of Massachusetts; it is the only permanent one of the country. Why, George Washington never had any hatchet, and there are not any cherry-trees in Virginia. I remember when my regiment took the last there were and carried them off. [*Laughter.*] That was all the cherries there were. And I remember the owner came out and said we had no right to invade Virginia. Well, sir, the

other day the Legislature had a discussion whether Crispus Attucks was a distinguished martyr or only one of a mob who got killed in a street brawl, and did not actually know enough to come to the only permanent body to-day, the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, for them to tell. They were there. [*Laughter.*] Even the governor does not have the honor he used to have. The election sermon has been done away with. Everything changes. The governor can't now, when he is inaugurated, tote down to the Old South Church with the Lancers — no, the Cadets — escorting him. The Old South Church is turned into a curiosity shop at twenty-five cents a head. [*Laughter.*] Just now, the president of Harvard College, who usually sits here, has gone away to Europe. There is only one permanent body, and that is this, and it is something to tie to. I want to say that this custom of inviting these past chaplains is the best custom you can possibly have, and if you will just keep it up every year we will come every one, and if you want us to go on to Washington you must call upon somebody who will go, unless the other fellows all stay at home.

But this company represents certain things, and the representation ought to be sustained by their fellow-citizens. Lately you have noticed some legislation, — and, by the way, one thing. If they want to shorten the sessions of the Massachusetts Legislature, I will give a hint to the governor. The Legislature never adjourns until after this annual gathering, don't you see? Put this a month earlier, and they will get away a month earlier. They wait for it, — there has been the legislation about the West End Railroad. That whole legislation has been shaped simply upon this basis, that the company should put tracks everywhere to enable the members of this organization to get home after dinner. [*Laughter and applause.*] Then, there is one other matter. Mr. Commander, there is not going to be any tunnel under the Common, and I will tell you why. They thought it over, and they said, Here the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company parades up there every year and has a battery on the hill there. By the way, if they don't fire the guns better to-day than I heard the Regulars fire on the occasion of President Arthur's death, when they were firing minute guns, or than an awkward squad of this company who never saw a gun can, then all I have to say is that the awkward squad ought to be put at the guns, and they ought to be put at general attention, with knapsacks on their backs, for two hours apiece. But the battery will be there. They were talking of tunnelling, and said: "Why, that will never do. Suppose there were some defective workmanship in that tunnel, and, when the company was right over it, it broke down and engulfed the whole company — what a calamity to Massachusetts!" And that is the reason they defeated the bill. [*Laughter.*] But this company represents something. What does it represent? It represents a permanent military spirit in Massachusetts. It represents a spirit of good fellowship in military service; it recognizes merit; it is that to which permanently we look for the military idea in this State. In searching up information two or three years ago for this company, I found that this company evidently originated among the returned soldiers of the Pequod War, and it has witnessed every war down from the time of the Indian struggle. And by the way, I noticed to-day a relic of the old companies when they used to be engaged in Indian wars. You remember the Indians used to scalp. I noticed that they retained the relic of men who had not any hair on the top of their head to prevent that calamity, the relic of the old Indian times, down through all these wars, and men who have seen service in the field, many of them have come down to the present day. With such names upon this roll, such a spirit of life in it, no one can doubt the words which I say in closing, that there is no man in Massachusetts, and there is no man in the United States, from any humble position up to that of President of this grand Republic, not one single one that does not

count it now an honor to be an invited guest of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company. [*Cries of "Good!" and great applause.*]

Seventh regular toast —

The Army and the Navy of the United States — Twin watch dogs of our common country, — jealous of her honor, and seeking the maintenance of her supremacy even at the cannon's mouth.

THE COMMANDER. — Gentlemen, I have the pleasure of presenting to you to respond to this toast, Major Augustus G. Robinson. [*Great applause.*]

MAJOR AUGUSTUS G. ROBINSON.

Gentlemen of the Ancient and Honorables, — It devolves upon me on this occasion to respond briefly to the toast just given. Our army as it stands, scattered as it is, is hardly big enough at any one point to be worthy of the notice of so large and distinguished an assembly as this. [*Laughter.*] We have not probably a regiment in the service, whether of cavalry, infantry, or artillery, that could be so collected within thirty days as to produce for review as many men in numbers (not to speak of drill, military bearing, or good looks) as your single company could and would do on a twenty-four hours' notice from your venerable Commander. [*Applause.*]

Gentlemen, we are, at least in our own estimation, a great and powerful nation, possessed with the belief that we can lick all creation. Whether we could do it or not if a hostile fleet with an army attachment ever reached our shores from England, France, Russia, Germany, Italy, Turkey, or Spain, is a question more for the navy to decide, perhaps. I fear, however, that our seaports would suffer terribly and our commerce more, before we should be ready for the fray, or could produce an armament to offer efficient resistance. Gentlemen, our effective force is small, is so diminutive to-day as to be incapable of inspiring terror in the hearts of a foreign foe; but it does afford a nucleus within which to plant the flag for others to rally around, and the men are here in this broad land to rally, moreover will be ready when the crisis comes, as they were in a prior crisis, more severe, doubtless, than any that can ever again be inflicted upon us, for all civil wars are more embittered and prolonged than those with a foreign foe. It then took us of the North some two years or so to get a good ready on, but once there and prepared, we were ready for anything that came at us. [*Applause.*]

Again it would doubtless be the same. But, gentlemen of the Ancients, in my opinion, we do not need a large standing army for defensive purposes, and should never engage in offensive. We have something better for times of peace, something that can gradually be prepared for war and put into stay, something that we had not in 1861. We have our organizations of militia and volunteers and military companies, imbued with the true military spirit, ready to respond to the roll call for active service, that can soon be made the equals in pluck, drill, and discipline of any foreign foe. We have, my friends, just such organizations as your own, that furnished so many gallant comrades to the late war, and has in every war, domestic or foreign, since 1638. This, comrades, is our salvation. [*Great applause, followed by three cheers for Major Robinson.*]

Eighth regular toast —

Our Past Commanders — The memories of whose kindly natures and achievements in peace and war cling to our hearts as does the tendril to its parent oak.

THE COMMANDER. — Gentlemen of the Artillery Company, I had invited your veteran commander, John C. Park, now in his eighty-third year, to respond to this sentiment. He accepted the invitation. Last Saturday afternoon, I received from his wife a note that sudden and severe illness confined him to his bed, that he had rehearsed to her the response which he had intended to deliver to his comrades to-day. I sent a message to her, with a letter of condolence, asking if it would not be possible to bring the old gentleman to the platform here to-day, and learned then that he had been stricken with paralysis and probably would never leave his home again. The response which he had intended to utter this afternoon had not been put upon paper. At that late hour it was impossible to make different arrangements, and since we came upon the platform our senior past commander, Capt. James A. Fox, has very kindly volunteered to fill the bill. [*Great applause.*] Gentlemen, I take great pleasure in presenting to you Capt. James A. Fox. [*Applause and cheers for Capt. Fox.*]

CAPT. JAMES A. FOX.

Mr. Commander and Fellow-Soldiers, — If you had been quiet enough you would have heard from your Commander that Major John C. Park, who was expected to address you in response to this sentiment, was lying probably in his last sickness, and I am what may be termed a minute-man for the occasion. And I am admonished by the clock that it is very few minutes that I have. I came, as you saw, from the corner which is assigned for past commanders of the company, and it brought to my mind the words of the writer, "disregarded age in corners thrown," and of "the veteran who lags superfluous on the stage." I was enjoying the occasion as you enjoy it, but the call of the Commander must always be responded to. Unfortunately for me, I am not prepared for the temptations of this moist dinner as my comrade from Ohio was. I have no written speech, and I have feasted with you. [*Laughter.*] But I can return, for the past commanders who are present, my thanks for the kind and affectionate words of the sentiment.

You, Mr. Commander, have fittingly and eloquently alluded to the great loss that our line of past commanders has met with during the present year, — Col. Wilder, Col. Wright, Major Ben: Perley Poore. But there was one quality that they possessed that perhaps may be enforced, and that was their deep-seated affection and love for this old company. [*Applause.*] The line of past commanders is a long one; it extends from the man in armor depicted on our menu to this group of representatives of every arm in the service. We have them here upon our walls in the quaint dresses of earlier days, of the Revolutionary period, down to our beloved commander of last year, Col. Ezra J. Trull. [*Applause.*] And I am reminded, when I see before me the flags of the mother country, of one great quality that this company has exhibited throughout its long career, that of loyalty to the flag under which it marched and fought. [*Great applause.*] The old colonial flags, the pine-tree flag — I see it on one side of the clock — given by the school children of Boston to this old hall; on the other side is the Indian and mailed arm, the device borne upon the white flag of old Massachusetts. To be sure, there was an interregnum in our service at one time, and that was about the Revolutionary period. Then came up a new ensign, the

Flag of the free heart's hope and home!
By angel hands to valor given!
Whose stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all whose hues were born in heaven.

[*Great applause.*]

We have marched loyally under that ever since, and every morning on the first Monday in June your fife and drum have woke the echoes of old Boston under the star-spangled banner. [*Great applause.*]

I will say but a word more, and that in compliment to you. [*Cries of "Go on!"*] Mr. Commander, let me express to you the thanks of your predecessors for the happy manner in which you have conducted the affairs of this company and at this table. [*Great applause.*] Gentlemen, you all will bear me out that it was a happy conceit when he thought of sending that sample of our goods to President Cleveland. [*Great applause.* I know he is popular among you by the satisfaction with which you receive that suggestion, and I think he deserves it from his wise and conservative course. [*Applause.*] Now, let me again say, for this year you have been safe in a Temple that has made no mistake. [*Great applause.*] Let us hope, in view of the fact that the New Old South is a long distance, and that our marches in the future are likely to be long, that the new commander will be a good walker. [*Great applause.*]

Ninth regular toast —

The Press — A public force which is the expression, and should be the leader, of public sentiment.

THE COMMANDER. — Gentlemen, I have the pleasure of presenting to you one of the brilliant writers of the city of Boston, who can write equally well on either side of the question, but who is always for the administration. I present to you James W. Clarke, associate editor of the Boston *Globe*. [*Applause.*]

MR. JAMES W. CLARKE.

Mr. Commander, — It is certainly an ecstatic experience to dine with the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company. There are many things which make your historic company famous and its dinners unique. Its charter was the second granted after the settlement of Massachusetts Bay, and there is nothing like it in the annals of the Colony, the Province, or the State. We have but one Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company. No man has ever attempted to get up a rival institution. It is immutable and alone. It deserved the high and resounding name to distinguish its singular character. One fact in its history alone would entitle it to this eminence. In these days of high license, low license, and no license, of great stock enterprises, of consolidated companies, of West End schemes, the patriot can come here and contemplate a corporation which has met once a year for two hundred and forty-nine years and never watered its stock. [*Laughter and applause.*]

It is, perhaps, quite natural that this ancient military organization should remember the press in this kindly way. The profession of arms and the profession of journalism have much in common. Soldiers fight with steel and editors write with steel. Bullets are made of lead and so are types. You put your leaders at the head of the column, and so do we. You form squares, and so do we. You charge in line, and we charge by the line. You preserve your files, and so do we. You sometimes have to use caps, and we do the same. You have your

reviews, and we have ours. Finally, gentlemen, no good newspaper comes out without a funny column, and the Ancient and Honorables never were known to turn out, I believe, without a funny column too. [*Laughter and applause.*]

Your toast, Mr. Commander, is couched in such terms of compliment, that I feel sure the gentleman who drew it up must have been a newspaper man himself. No one not used to the business could have so modestly and pithily described the virtues of the great free press. As the toast says, the press is the expression and should be the leader of public sentiment. Many years ago, Wendell Phillips said, "We live not under a government of laws, but under a government — "

THE COMMANDER. — Will Mr. Clarke give way a minute? Gentlemen, you placed this matter in the hands of a committee, and they solicited gentlemen to come here and respond to your toasts. If you expect to have these gatherings honored by speakers in the years to come, you must give them respectful attention here. I ask your attention to Mr. Clarke. [*Great applause.*]

MR. CLARKE. — I believe it has been said by Wendell Phillips, and I think in this very hall, that we live not under a government of laws but under a government of newspapers. We feel that to be truer to-day than when he said it. But what is this government by newspapers? Is it not a purely elective and representative government? The newspapers may govern and lead public opinion, but it is the people who read them, who elect which of them shall stand at the head of the government and do the most of the leading. So that government by the newspaper is in its last analysis nothing more or less than government "of the people, by the people, for the people." The ablest writers and the fastest presses cannot lead the people where they are not willing to follow. Error may flourish for a time, but "ever the right comes uppermost, and ever is justice done." [*Applause.*]

In the days that are more ancient even than the Ancients, writers of great ability and learning taught the people that the earth was flat. But as time went on, this mistake was corrected. Nobody nowadays thinks the earth is flat; everybody knows that the earth is a globe. It used to be said that the globe revolved once in twenty-four hours round its own axle-tree, but here in the Hub we now know that the *Globe* revolves over one hundred and twenty thousand times every twenty-four hours [*applause*], with just a slight reduction in the number on Sundays, out of deference to the blue laws.

When, gentlemen, you are looking round for a newspaper that fills out the terms of this toast, it is important to know just where to get it. It is always well to know where to get what we want. There was once a good old deacon in a New Jersey church who was very anxious that the congregation should know where to get a new hymn book that was just out. So he asked the minister to announce that these hymn books were now ready for delivery. The deacon was, unfortunately, quite deaf, and had to take the pulpit announcements largely on trust. So it happened, at the close of the services when the minister said to the people that "All ye who have infants to be baptized will please bring them next Sunday morning," the good deacon hopped up, as soon as the words were out of his mouth, and said, "Those of you who have n't got them yet can be supplied by coming to me, at seventy-five cents apiece." [*Laughter.*] His mind was on hymn books, you see, just as mine is on newspapers. And, in the same earnest spirit, I would suggest to this congregation that those of you who have n't yet got a paper that expresses and illustrates and leads public sentiment, can be supplied by any newsdealer at two cents apiece. If you want the earth for that money, you can't have it, but you can have the *Globe*, which is about the same thing.

Gentlemen, I did not mean to keep you so long. I would like to say something before I sit down to let you know how much I admire the military spirit, the enthusiasm of arms, which your company does so much to keep alive in these "piping times of peace." I am not a military man myself; I shall need to be drafted before I shall go to war, and then I shall try to get my friend, Commander Temple, to substitute for me. He, as we all know, is a man of deeds, not words. As for me, I have always sympathized with that heroic man in the last war, who declared that in the hour of battle he should be found where the bullets were thickest, and, sure enough, in the very first skirmish they found him in the ammunition wagon. [*Laughter.*] Nevertheless, though I have never had any military experience, except a little domestic service in taking care of my own light infantry, I am always glad to know, whenever anybody proposes to desecrate Boston Common, or do away with annual elections, that so long as the Ancient and Honorable Artillery remains under arms, the Common is safe and annual elections are guaranteed. [*Cries of "Good!" and applause.*]

Gentlemen, I thank you most heartily for the honor you have done me, and, in the name of the press, wish you a future as glorious as your past, and indefinitely long. [*Applause.*]

THE COMMANDER. — Gentlemen, there are other toasts prepared and speakers ready with remarks, but the governor has an engagement which requires him to leave the city earlier than usual, and the exercises in this hall are now brought to a close. Gentlemen will please secure their arms, and the honorary staff will report to the chief of staff at the head of the column.

THE ELECTION.

The business of resuming arms and accoutrements occupied only a few moments, and it was but a short time after Commander Temple had declared the exercises in Faneuil Hall at an end that the Ancients were ready to fall in. Line was expeditiously formed, and the command marched at regulation step to the State House, where it was awaited by Governor Ames, who had retired from the dining-hall some time previously, and several members of his staff. The governor and his aids were taken under escort, and the march to the Common was resumed. The arrival of the company there was awaited by a more than usually large assemblage of intending spectators of the ceremonies attendant upon the annual election, and its approach was signalled at 4.41 P. M. by guns fired by a detachment of Battery A, Light Artillery, under command of Lieut. Frank H. Mudge, a member of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company. The command marched across the parade ground, and the sound of the last of the guns comprising the governor's salute had hardly died away when it halted opposite the reviewing stand, and the governor, with whom were Adjt.-Gen. Dalton and Cols. Sherwin, Shep-

herd, Rockwell, Newman, and Weil of his staff, left the line and occupied the arm-chair reserved for him in the central tent.

Then the formal proceedings began. The Ancients were drawn up in line on the Charles Street side of the parade ground, and, accompanied by Capt. Temple and followed by members of his staff, Governor Ames marched across the parade ground and inspected the corps. The command then marched past the governor in review, exciting universal commendation by the soldierly bearing of its members and its perfect alignement. Directly after the march past, a hollow square was formed and the drum-head election took place. The result of the balloting was announced by Adjt. Thompson to Adjt.-Gen. Dalton, who, in turn, announced it to His Excellency. It was as follows : —

Captain. — Col. HENRY WALKER, of Boston.
First Lieutenant. — Capt. JAMES P. FROST, of Boston.
Second Lieutenant. — Sergt. JACOB FOTTLER, of Boston.
Adjutant. — Capt. GEO. A. KEELER, of Cambridge.
First Sergeant of Infantry. — Capt. J. HENRY BROWN, of Charlestown.
Second Sergeant of Infantry. — Capt. JOSHUA M. CUSHING, of Duxbury.
Third Sergeant of Infantry. — Mr. CHARLES C. ADAMS, of Dorchester.
Fourth Sergeant of Infantry. — Major GEO. H. MAYNARD, of Waltham.
Fifth Sergeant of Infantry. — Sergt. MELVILLE C GRANT, of Boston.
Sixth Sergeant of Infantry. — Lieut. WILLIAM K. MILLAR, of Boston.
First Sergeant of Artillery. — Mr. EDWARD SULLIVAN, of Boston.
Second Sergeant of Artillery. — Sergt. FREDERICK MILLS, of Boston.
Third Sergeant of Artillery. — Mr. E. ERANK LEWIS, of Walpole.
Fourth Sergeant of Artillery. — Mr. CHARLES H. DUNHAM, of Winchester.
Fifth Sergeant of Artillery. — Mr. JOHN RINDGE, of Cambridge.
Sixth Sergeant of Artillery. — Mr. WILLIAM H. WEST, of Neponset.
Treasurer and Paymaster. — Sergt. VINCENT LAFORME, of South Boston.
Clerk and Assistant Paymaster. — Lieut. GEO. H. ALLEN, of Boston.
Quartermaster and Armorer. — Sergt. GEO. P. MAY, of Boston.

The names of the newly elected officers having thus been made known officially, the ceremony of receiving the insignia of office from the retiring officers and handing them to the newly elected officers was performed by the governor. It was an instance of a private commissioning officers in the command to which he belongs, for Governor Ames is a member of the Ancients. Each of the retiring and newly elected officers was addressed by the Commander-in-Chief, and himself addressed the governor upon surrendering his tokens of place or upon receiving the authority newly delegated to him by his comrades. These speeches were as follows: —

THE SPEECHES.

REMARKS OF CAPT. TEMPLE, THE RETIRING COMMANDER.

Your Excellency, — The brief term for which these emblems of authority were intrusted to my charge has about expired. Your predecessor, in placing them in my hands, said that noble men had worn them, none had returned them in dishonor. I beg leave to report, sir, that I return them untarnished. He expressed the hope that if my life should be spared to the end of the year, when I came to this spot to surrender them, I might do so proudly, faithfully, conscientiously, being satisfied that I had done well by my fellows and honor to the Commonwealth. This injunction has been before me during the year. I have endeavored to be true and faithful to it. I am happy to report, your Excellency, that the command remains in good order and condition, financially and numerically. Having enjoyed for one year this free-will offering of my associates, and now being about to enter the ranks of the past commanders of this venerable corps, commanders who have made history of which not only this State, but our country, is proud, as my last official duty I transmit these emblems of authority to you for my successor. [*Applause.*]

GOVERNOR AMES'S REPLY TO COMMANDER TEMPLE.

Mr. Commander, — I receive from your hands the insignia of office which you have borne so worthily, but it is only to transfer them to those of another. As you step back into the ranks from which you came one year ago, you take with you the assurance that, while you have been highly honored, you have done honor to the exalted place which you have occupied.

GOVERNOR AMES'S ADDRESS TO THE NEW COMMANDER.

Mr. Commander, — As you were so ready to volunteer for the service of your country in the hour of her greatest need, so may you be eager to maintain and promote the glory of this venerable body. I am sure that you will bear the insignia, with which you will be invested by the Adjutant-General, in such manner that when you lay them down a year hence you will do so with pride and honor. [*Applause.*]

COL. WALKER'S REMARKS UPON RECEIVING HIS COMMISSION.

I accept these emblems of office from your Excellency, conscious that they come to me laden with a most honorable record of two centuries and a half. The history of this ancient corps, commencing almost at the hour when the Puritan first trod the spot whereon we stand, bears upon its rolls the names of men foremost among men of their days, as well in colonial times as under the white banner of the Commonwealth. On the battle-field and in civic life they made their own names illustrious and did yeoman service in building up our State, sustaining her at all times with unfaltering hearts and hands, and by their devotion increasing her material prosperity and her glory.

To every man occupying the position of Commander of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company its record should be a continuing admonition to perform the duties of the office, to bear its responsibilities, and to wear its honors creditably to himself, to his comrades who gave it to him, and to the State, which, by its chief magistrate, indorses the gift; and an inspiration to increasing earnest effort to insure that the story of his year in power may stand worthily beside those preceding, and offer an example to be emulated by those succeeding.

I shall hope and strive so to act, that when I yield to my successor the office I this day assume, I may have so carried it as to deserve the commendation of "well done" from those who have honored me with it, and that these insignia of command may pass from my hands to his without spot or blemish upon them for which I can be held responsible.

I thank your Excellency for your kindly allusions to myself. Such a recognition of honorable public service in the past is the highest of incentives to a public service more honorable, if possible, in the future. [*Applause.*]

FIRST-LIEUT. TAYLOR'S REMARKS UPON SURRENDERING HIS COMMISSION.

Your Excellency, — The time has come for me to lay down the reins of office and I hope that I still merit the respect and the esteem of my comrades which prompted them to elect me to this position. I feel that during the past year the right wing of this company has increased in numbers, in prosperity, and in everything looking to the good of the company and the Commonwealth. The *Globe* has seen fit to nominate a candidate for the office of first lieutenant of this company, and he has been elected. He is a gentleman fully worthy to fill the position, and I feel deeply proud to have him succeed me in the office of first lieutenant. [*Applause.*]

GOVERNOR AMES'S REMARKS TO LIEUT. TAYLOR.

Lieutenant, — I am constrained to take the emblem which you offer, in order to hand it to another, who, in conformity to custom, awaits it at the hands of the governor of the Commonwealth. You have done well your duty in the year that is now at an end, and you will retire with the feeling that duty well done is its own greatest reward.

GOVERNOR AMES'S REMARKS TO FIRST LIEUT. FROST.

Lieut. Frost, — Accept from me for the Commonwealth the commission of your office. With its responsibilities go its honors. I know that the confidence shown by your election has not been misplaced, and that you will again display that ability which marked your conduct as adjutant of this corps and which distinguishes you as an officer of the active militia.

CAPT. FROST'S REMARKS ON RECEIVING HIS COMMISSION.

May it please your Excellency, — Under ordinary circumstances, I should be apt to remind you of the fact that you, as a private of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, should be amenable to my orders as a commissioned officer. [*Laughter.*] But I know that circumstances sometimes alter cases, and recognizing you, sir, as the Commander-in-Chief of the militia, and also of the naval forces of the Commonwealth, I am here to receive orders from you and to pledge you my affiliation and cordial support in the office to which I have just been elected. My only hope is that at the end of the year of service I may receive commendatory remarks from you to the effect that my work has been well and carefully done. [*Applause.*]

GOVERNOR AMES. — I have no doubt of it, sir.

SECOND-LIEUT. SAVAGE'S REMARKS ON SURRENDERING HIS COMMISSION.

Your Excellency, — The laws of our company, irrevocable as the ancient laws of the Medes and Persians, require me at the expiration of one brief year of official authority to relinquish my commission to the source from which it came. A sense of duty compels me reluctantly to yield obedience. [*Laughter.*] Yet that regret is in a measure diminished by the thought that the surrender is made, not only to the chief executive of the military and civic authority of the Commonwealth, but also to a gentleman whose name it is the pride of our company to bear upon its rolls; and by the knowledge that the person upon whom you are about to confer the authority is worthy and well qualified to assume its responsibilities and discharge its duties. My commission is at your disposal. [*Applause.*]

GOVERNOR AMES'S REPLY TO LIEUT. SAVAGE.

Lieut. Savage, — I accept your resignation, that he who has been chosen to succeed you may be placed in his office. In your conduct during the year that now ends he will find an example for the year to come, which, lived up to by him, will make him of great value to this body.

GOVERNOR AMES'S REMARKS TO LIEUT. FOTTLER.

Lieut. Fottler, — Permit me to congratulate you that you have been chosen to this eminent position. It gives me pleasure to instruct the Adjutant-General to place upon you the emblem of your office, and to feel, as I do, that it is to be borne with credit both to the corps and to yourself.

LIEUT. FOTTLER'S REMARKS UPON RECEIVING HIS COMMISSION.

Your Excellency, — I feel that it is an honor to receive a commission from the chief executive magistrate of the Commonwealth, and I thank you for conferring the honor upon me. I desire also to express my gratitude to my comrades of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company for their good-will and for the confidence they have reposed in me, that I might be placed in a position to receive your approval. When the time arrives to return to you, and I hope I may have that pleasure, this emblem of office bestowed on me to-day, I hope that my record will show that my duties have been performed in an acceptable manner. [*Applause.*]

GOVERNOR AMES. — I have no doubt of it.

ADJT. THOMPSON'S REMARKS ON SURRENDERING HIS COMMISSION.

Your Excellency, — The closing hours of the day mark the passing of another milestone in the history of our honored corps, and we are about to turn another leaf in her book of history, upon whose fresh pages will be inscribed those annals which will mark the two hundred and fiftieth year of the continuous history of this organization, an organization whose traditions we reverence and whose customs we are proud to preserve. One short year ago, the honor was accorded me to receive from your predecessor in office this esponton as emblematical of my commission as adjutant of this company. To-day, at the close of my year of brief authority, I again find myself in the presence of my Commander-in-Chief to tender my resignation. While I cannot hope that among the long list of names of my predecessors in office, more experienced in military science than myself, my name shall be remembered as are theirs, I may hope that at least I shall be pleasantly remembered as one who tried in his brief hour to do his utmost in all that would enhance the welfare of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company. I have the honor, sir, to surrender my commission. [*Applause.*]

GOVERNOR AMES'S REPLY TO ADJT. THOMPSON.

Adjutant Thompson, — As you vacate the position which has been yours for a year, I am glad to assure you that you retire with honors well won and cheerfully bestowed. You are indeed the worthy son of a worthy father, and such you have shown yourself to be, both in this organization and in the active militia.

GOVERNOR AMES'S REMARKS TO THE NEW ADJUTANT.

Adjutant Keeler, — Upon your efforts depend in large measure the success and comfort of this organization during the coming year. I know that an adjutant

is always selected for his working capacity, and I am sure that your elevation to that office has not been a mistake; it could not well be when it is that of one who is of so much value to the militia.

ADJT. KEELER'S REMARKS UPON RECEIVING HIS COMMISSION.

Your Excellency, — Just before I left the line, my comrades said that I would find this the hardest and longest march that I ever took. [*Laughter.*] But when I find myself in your genial presence, and when I hear your words of commendation, and when I see in the rear there my good friend and that loyal soldier, Gen. Dalton, from whom, through you, I am to receive this insignia of my office, I do not think the ordeal is so very trying. I shall try particularly hard to do my duty in the year to come, a year which is, we hope, to be the red-letter year of this corps, a year that is to be woven with scarlet threads inside and outside. I hope that God will give me the same heart, the same strength, and the same spirit to fulfil my obligations, my duties, and my responsibilities, as he has in my service in the volunteer militia for the flag of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. [*Cries of "Good!" and applause.*]

GOVERNOR AMES. — Adjutant, as you were coming forward, the Adjutant-General said you were one of the best officers of the militia. [*Applause.*]

THE CLOSING PROCEEDINGS.

The exercises on the Common were brought to a close at 5.50 P. M., and five minutes later the return march began. When Faneuil Hall was reached, the company marched into the Armory, and there, when a square had been formed and while the Ancients stood at attention, some business was transacted and some complimentary remarks were made, as follows : —

CAPT. FROST. — I move that the thanks of this company be extended to the commissioned officers of the past year for their work and labors for the benefit of this company.

The motion was seconded, and unanimously adopted.

LIEUT. W. H. JONES. — Mr. Commander, I move that the commissioned officers of the company be a committee to consider the expediency of having representatives of this company attend the celebration of the three hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the Honourable Artillery Company of London.

CAPT. FOLSOM. — Just a word before that motion is put. I think a meeting of the company should be called to consider that question. If Lieut. Jones will bear with me, I move that a meeting be held next Monday night to consider that invitation.

LIEUT. JONES. — I accept the amendment.

CAPT. CUNDY. — I consider the importance of the question so great that I think there ought to be a special meeting called for the purpose, and I quite agree with Commander Folsom. I hope that a meeting, with a full representation of this company, will be held, as may be directed, either Monday night or as soon thereafter as possible, for the purpose of considering this invitation. It is not a matter to be dealt with lightly. There is great importance attached to it. I hope that sufficient importance may be attached to it by the members to warrant a large attendance of this company, if they can possibly go to London on that occasion.

The motion of Lieut. Jones, as amended by Capt. Folsom, was adopted.

MR. JOHN MCDONOUGH. — I move that Past Commander Temple and the Clerk be appointed a committee to prepare the doings of last year for publication.

The motion prevailed.

CAPT. FROST. — I shall be pleased to have the officers and members of the company visit me, as my guests, at the headquarters of the Second Brigade, M. V. M., at the camp, July 19 to 23, inclusive.

MAJOR MERRILL. — I move that the retiring officers of the company be requested to procure from the chaplain of the day a copy of the sermon for printing in the Annual Proceedings.

The motion prevailed.

Lieut. Allen advanced towards the Commander, and addressing him said : I have the pleasant privilege, on behalf of one of the members of your command, of presenting to you this beautiful bouquet of flowers. I am sorry that you have not a wife, but I presume your best girl will appreciate it. [*Laughter and applause, followed by three cheers for Col. Walker, and three more for his best girl.*]

COMMANDER WALKER. — As I neither have a wife nor a best girl, I had better take them home myself. [*A voice, "Better get one."*] I thank you for it, and I thank the donor for it. Comrades, I thanked you the other night when you nominated me for the office of Commander. I thank you from my heart that this day you have indorsed that nomination on the Common. It is a proud privilege to stand here as your Commander, and above all it is a proud privilege to represent you in this, the great year of your history, your two hundred and fiftieth anniversary. I can only hope and pray that when this year closes, not one man in this company may repent of the choice that was made here two weeks ago, and to-day has been ratified upon the Common. [*Cries of "Good!" and applause.*]

LIEUT. J. P. BRADLEY. — I want to say one word, Mr. Commander. It is a small matter, but to-day as we passed through the streets of Boston, I did not see upon the old State House, or upon the City Hall, the old flag which many a man has risked his life for. Some mistake must have been made. And even on the Common to-day, when you and the officers whom we elected were commissioned, from that flagpole, which was bare as a pole in the middle of the winter, Old Glory could not be seen floating. As I said before, some mistake must have been made, and I hope that on the next anniversary, the present officers of this company will take the city government to task and have Old Glory flying, so that in case any foreign visitors are here

they will know that we train and belong under the stars and stripes. [*Applause.*]

MR. JOHN D. DWYER. — I move a vote of thanks to the Committee of Arrangements for the excellent manner in which we have been entertained to-day.

The motion prevailed.

LIEUT. SAVAGE. — I move that the Clerk of the company be requested to transmit to the Trustees of the Old South Church an expression of the gratitude of this company for the use of its edifice to-day.

The motion was adopted.

In response of cries for "Temple," Capt. Temple addressed the Company. He said: —

Mr. Commander and Fellow Ancients, — I did not expect to be called upon to deliver the valedictory or to pronounce a benediction. [*Laughter.*] But I do wish to say, that from my heart I thank you for the glorious turn-out which you have made for the old corps to-day, and I thank Heaven that everything has been so successful. I can only ask for those whom you have elected to-day the same cordial support which has been rendered to me the past year, and that they may retire from office feeling as grateful to you as I do. [*Cries of "Good!" and applause.*]

At 6.35 P. M. the company was dismissed, and the quarter millennial of the history of the organization had been well entered upon.

ROLL OF OFFICERS AND MEMBERS

PARADING AT THE TWO HUNDRED AND FORTY-NINTH ANNIVERSARY, JUNE 6, 1887.

Captain. — Capt. THOMAS F. TEMPLE.
First Lieutenant. — Lieut. J. HENRY TAYLOR.
Second Lieutenant. — Lieut. THOMAS SAVAGE.
Adjutant. — Capt. NEWELL A. THOMPSON.

COMMISSIONED STAFF.

Surgeon. — Dr. G. HOWARD JONES.
Assistant Surgeon. — Lieut. J. E. KINNEY.
Quartermaster. — Sergt. GEORGE P. MAY.
Paymaster. — Sergt. VINCENT LAFORME.
Assistant Paymaster. — Lieut. GEORGE H. ALLEN.

NON-COMMISSIONED STAFF.

Sergeant Major. — Capt. GEORGE A. KEELER.
Quartermaster Sergeant. — JOHN H. PEAK.
Hospital Steward. — A. S. DINSMORE.

HONORARY STAFF.

Chief of Staff. — Capt. John L. Stevenson.

Past Commanders. — Capt. James A. Fox, Gen. Nathaniel P. Banks, Gen. Samuel C. Lawrence, Col. Edward Wyman, Capt. Albert A. Folsom, Capt. Charles W. Stevens, Capt. John Mack, Capt. Augustus Whittemore.

Major A. G. Robinson, Quartermaster, United States Army.
Capt. Samuel McKeever, United States Army.
Major Horace G. Kemp, First Battalion Cavalry, Mass. Volunteer Militia.
Capt. David F. Henderson, Company D, First Battalion Cavalry, Mass. Volunteer Militia.
Col. A. P. Sherman, Newport Veteran Artillery Association.
Gen. Charles R. Dennis, First Light Infantry Veterans, Providence, R. I.
Col. W. E. Clark, First Light Infantry Veterans, Providence, R. I.
Major James R. Dorrance, First Light Infantry Veterans, Providence, R. I.
Capt. Fred. B. Burt, First Light Infantry Veterans, Providence, R. I.
Col. W. H. Thornton, First Light Infantry, Providence, R. I.
Major Samuel T. Douglass, First Light Infantry, Providence, R. I.
Adjt. James F. Petteplace, First Light Infantry, Providence, R. I.
Lieut. F. G. Jillson, Providence.
Major Lewis Simons, Amoskeag Veteran, Manchester, N. H.
Capt. E. F. Trow, Amoskeag Veteran, Manchester, N. H.
Adjt. John B. Abbott, Amoskeag Veteran, Manchester, N. H.
Brig.-Gen. Fred. Barton, New Haven, Conn.
Lieut. J. R. Dwyer, Governor's Foot Guards, Hartford, Conn.
Lieut. F. C. Clark, Governor's Foot Guards, Hartford, Conn.

Lieut.-Col. Henry E. Smith, Worcester Continentals, Worcester, Mass.
Capt. George E. Fairbanks, Worcester Continentals, Worcester, Mass.
Lieut. W. J. Hogg, Worcester Continentals, Worcester, Mass.
Capt. Charles B. Whiting, Worcester Continentals, Worcester, Mass.
Clerk George H. Harlow, Worcester Continentals, Worcester, Mass.
Daniel B. Hubbard, Worcester Continentals, Worcester, Mass.
Sergt. Charles J. Hayden, Finance Committee.
Capt. Peter E. Dolliver, Committee of Arrangements.
Lieut. Edward E. Allen, Committee of Arrangements.
Lieut. George E. Hall, Committee of Arrangements.
Asst.-Surgeon Arthur E. Leach, Committee of Arrangements.
Sergt. Amasa W. Bailey, Committee of Arrangements.
Lieut. R. H. Cochran, Toledo, Ohio.
Lieut. A. F. Temple, Muskegon, Mich.

DETAILED MEN.

Capt. James P. Frost, } *Flankers to the Commander.*
Capt. J. Henry Brown, }
Lieut. William H. Jones, } *Flankers to the Commander-in-Chief.*
Lieut. William P. Jones, }
Major John McDonough, *Right General Guide.*
Lieut. J. Payson Bradley, *Left General Guide.*
Sergt. Emmons R. Ellis, } *Markers.*
Lieut. George H. Gibson, }
Sergt. William F. Bacon, *National Color Bearer.*
Sergt. Horatio B. Emerson, *State Color Bearer.*
Major Geo. O. Carpenter, *Personal Escort to the Commander-in-Chief.*

DETAIL AT CHURCH.

Major Charles G. Davis.
Sergt. David F. Hall.
Lieut. Jacob Silloway.
Capt. George Going.
Lieut. Thomas L. Churchill.
Capt. John C. Dalton.

SEPARATE OR VETERAN COMPANY.

Brig.-Gen. S. H. Leonard, *Sergeant.*

Major Edward J. Jones.
Sergt. Daniel L. Ware.
Major Lyman S. Hapgood.
Lieut. Elijah Beach.
John H. Procter.
Lieut. John E. Atkins.
Capt. Charles Jarvis.
Lieut. John Sullivan.
Col. A. N. Procter.
Sergt. A. K. Loring.

FIRST COMPANY OF INFANTRY.

Capt. Warren S. Davis, *Sergeant.*

Capt. George O. Noyes, *R. Guide.*
Elmar A. Messenger.
George D. Russell.
Fred. H. Adams.
Henry G. Jordan.
Frank A. Adams.
William J. Smith.
Capt. Joshua M. Cushing, *L. Guide.*
Wm. H. Gwynne.
George S. Merrill, *Past Commander.*
Edgar L. Hull.
J. T. Moriarty.
George D. Armstrong.
Henry Walker.

J. W. Sawyer, Jr.

SECOND COMPANY OF INFANTRY.

Capt. Walter S. Sampson, *Sergeant.*

Boardman J. Parker, *R. Guide.*
Henry N. Cass.
Kendall H. Damon.
A. E. DeRosay.
William A. Hardy.
W. H. Litchfield.
A. W. Thompson.
Lieut.-Col. Edw. B. Blasland, *L. Guide.*
F. H. Mullen.
W. B. Hathaway.
A. McDonald.
Ferdinand M. Trifet.
Fred: I. Clayton.
William G. Fish.

Edward B. Wadsworth.

THIRD COMPANY OF INFANTRY.

Lieut.-Col. H. A. Stevens, *Sergeant.*

A. C. Betteley, *R. Guide.*
David O. Clark.
Edgar G. Scripture.
Edward Coggins.
S. Worcester Hayden.
John O. Littlefield.
Robert Burlen.
Frederick W. Goodwin.
C. H. Betteley, *L. Guide.*
G. A. Fisher.
George W. Spaulding.
Isaac Riley.
William H. Mitchell.
E. M. Platt.
J. Frederick Sampson.
Henry G. Weston.

FOURTH COMPANY OF INFANTRY.

Sergt. Geo. B. Spaulding, *Sergeant.*

John M. Call, *R. Guide.*
John L. R. Eaton.
Arthur Fuller.
Jacob Bensemoil.
Edwin R. Frost.
Clarence E. Hay.
E. H. Whitney.
William M. Maynard, *L. Guide.*
Edward E. Wells.
J. Harry Welch.
A. J. Hathaway.
George M. Potter.
Samuel Hichborn.
M. C. Grant.

FIFTH COMPANY OF INFANTRY.

Lieut. Laurin S. Dow, *Sergeant.*

S. B. Dibble, *R. Guide.*
William O. Webber.
Thomas J. Olys.
George E. Lovett.
George T. Sears.
Myron P. Walker.
Lieut. Eugene H. Richards, *L. Guide.*
William G. Shillaber.
L. N. Maxham.
R. L. Byam.
Dexter Pratt.
William K. Millar.

E. W. Blackington.

SIXTH COMPANY OF INFANTRY.

Sergt. Chas. C. Adams, *Acting Sergeant.*

Marshall Lincoln, *R. Guide.*
John F. Banchor.
Thomas H. Harding.
Charles H. Porter.
Lieut. Isaac D. Dana, *L. Guide.*
Henry A. Thorndike.
Henry D. Andrews.
Frank F. Olney.

SEVENTH COMPANY OF INFANTRY.

Capt. F. W. DALLINGER, *Sergeant.*

Capt. Harrison G. Wells, *R. Guide.*
William H. Cundy, *Past Commander.*
George H. Maynard.
James H. Kelley.
Frank Smith.
Capt. Henry F. Wade, *L. Guide.*
Nicholas N. Noyes.
David W. Lewis.
Albert L. Richardson.
Lyman Boynton.
James H. Baguley.

FIRST COMPANY OF ARTILLERY.

Sergt. CHARLES F. MUNROE, *Sergeant.*

Edward Sullivan, *R. Guide.*
Albert Webster.
Emery Grover.
Charles B. Barrett.
Oliver G. Pearson.
Edwin E. Snow.
Frederick Mills.
Jacob Fottler, *L. Guide.*
J. B. Hathaway.
Charles H. Dunham.
George G. Stratton.
Chas. T. Hough.
E A. Boardman.
James L. Burditt.

SECOND COMPANY OF ARTILLERY.

Sergt. W. C. BABCOCK, *Sergeant.*

H. C. Barnabee, *R. Guide.*
Harry H. Hale.
James F. Mills.
Daniel H. Smith.
J. Alba Davis.
George E. Jacques.
William Tyner.
Charles H. Glover, *L. Guide.*
Robert M. Cross.
Albert E. Lockhart.
Charles T. Robinson.
Edward Hale.
Edward J. Hill.
J. H. Harlow.

THIRD COMPANY OF ARTILLERY.

Sergt. F. E. MERRIAM, *Sergeant.*

William Lewis, *R. Guide.*
Francis W. Flitner.
Wm. H. Parmenter.
Charles B. Codding.
M. H. French.
A. L. DeRibas.
John D. Dwyer.
E. Frank Lewis, *L. Guide.*
Henry Q. Stimpson.
A. F. Cooke.
George A. Philbrook.
Robert S. Gray.
James P. Brewer.
Homer M. Daggett, Jr.

FOURTH COMPANY OF ARTILLERY.

Sergt. JOHN GALVIN, *Sergeant.*

Hobart T. Hussey, *R. Guide.*
Charles A. Faxon.
E. H. Grover.
Charles H. Andrews.
Charles Kenney.
William L. Dolbeare.
O. D. Witherell.
A. S. DeRibas, *L. Guide.*
Joseph A. Plummer.
James F. Mullen.
W. L. Willey.
William T. Van Nostrand
Samuel W. Winslow.
Joseph A. Iasigi.

FIFTH COMPANY OF ARTILLERY.

Sergt. W. W. SIAS, *Sergeant.*

George W. Mills, *R. Guide.*
Asahel Wheeler.
C. C. Shaw.
Anthony Cunio.
Benj. Johnson.
J. R. Newman.
Lorenzo M. Dyer.
John Rindge.
Edward B. Reynolds.
John Albree, *L. Guide*
Thomas Emerson.
Aaron B. Babcock.
William H. West.
S. B. Clapp.
Henry Partridge.
Horace P. Williams.
Moses J. Grodjinski.
John D. Morton.

A Sermon

PREACHED AT THE NEW OLD SOUTH CHURCH ON THE

249th ANNIVERSARY OF THE ANCIENT AND HONORABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY,

JUNE 6, 1887.

BY

REV. BROOKE HERFORD,

Pastor of the Arlington St. Church,

BOSTON, MASS.

SERMON.

LIFE UNDER AUTHORITY.

I AM A MAN UNDER AUTHORITY, HAVING SOLDIERS UNDER ME: AND I SAY TO THIS MAN, GO, AND HE GOETH; AND TO ANOTHER, COME, AND HE COMETH; AND TO MY SERVANT, DO THIS, AND HE DOETH IT. — *Matthew* viii. 9.

I AM a man under authority. Thinking how I might find some helpful word from the religious life, which should at once deepen the spirit of these military exercises for which you muster to-day, and which might in turn be emphasized by them, there came into my mind our Saviour's conversation with that Roman officer, and His pleasure at the way in which the centurion shaped his faith and his sense of the authoritativeness of any healing word that Christ might speak, shaped it into the words of prompt, soldierly discipline. He shaped his faith, you see, into the terms of that ready trust with which alike he and the men under him had to move and act at a word. "I am a man under authority, and I have soldiers under me. It is only a word with us, come, or go, or do this, and the thing is done. Speak the word, Master, and what Thou sayest also shall be done." That is the spirit of what he said, and Christ was pleased by it. He seems to have felt that in this way of putting it, this Roman soldier had touched the idea of a soldier — more unhesitating service and following than His own Jewish people were showing. "I tell you," He said to his disciples, "I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel."

The subject which this suggests to me is, life under authority, or what I may call the soldierly kind of righteousness, the value of the strong, soldierly sense of discipline, of the life being under law and principle, of just that feeling, "I am a man under authority." Combine with this prompt, loyal obedience to the law and principle, and then seek for the highest leadership of all life, and set yourselves to strong, earnest, unhesitating following of it, and

you have, as I think, about the highest and noblest spirit of human living. Why, consider how this idea of authority seems rooted in the very essence of things, apart from any special prospect of Christ. Law runs through all things, alike through matter and through life. The whole universe is under authority. A mighty force keeps the vast whole together, from the stars in the grand order of their ceaseless march to the very drops of the summer showers, which cannot fall to the ground except by ordered law. Every grain of sand is under authority. It is under authority that every drop of moisture sinks into the soil, under authority that every flower is blossoming out in this springtime. So is man under authority. His life also has a law for every part of it. Here, however, comes in the difference. In matter, the law operates without consciousness, or volition, or alternative, but man is conscious, and has to do his part consciously. There is a large margin, at least, in which his soul can act. Man has alternatives. Water cannot flow up hill, man can go in all sorts of contradictory and prohibited directions. But the condition of wholesome being and growth is the same in both realms — obedience to law. Life without law or principle, life disloyal to law or principle, is a poor, loose, incoherent affair, as much of a muddle really as the solar system would be in about two minutes if the law of gravitation should suddenly cease to operate. It is law which distinguishes human liberty from anarchy. What are the sweetest sounds your orchestra can give forth, unless they are uttered in ordered harmony?

Ruskin, in his "Seven Lamps of Architecture," put, as one of the fundamental principles of true art, that which he calls the lamp of obedience. He means obedience to principle; not meaningless following of every vagary of fancy, but thoughtful self-constraint working to a definite ideal, a self-constraint which does not destroy originality, but prevents it from degenerating into eccentricity. But it is not in such high things as art that we have, most of us, to do with this matter, but in the common working of life; and here it is, in the common working out of life, that I feel the need, from beginning to end, of that clear sense of duty, that loyal dutifulness which hath such an apt expression in that old

soldierly word, "I am a man under authority." From the beginning, I say, this has to be. This lies at the very basis of all true education. The first lessons of life that the little child should learn should be the lesson of love and the lesson of obedience, and these two absolutely together. At the head of the human side of the commandments Moses put, Honor thy father and mother; and honor means not less than obedience, but obedience and something more, obedience exactly of this prompt, ready, what I call soldierly sort. I know it is hard for children, but let them learn to be under authority by seeing that their parents also are under authority. It is one of the first, best lessons of life to learn that we are none of us, young or old, here in this world to do as we like, that no good ever comes of doing as we like, but by doing as we ought So the true life never outgrows authority, only grows from being most under the external authority to being more and more under the internal one, the law written in the heart.

This is the secret of noble, effective character. This is the soldierly kind of righteousness, the spirit that at the call of duty does not measure difficulties or stay to calculate chances, but goes right on; or when set to hold a post, will drop there, but not run away. I suppose that it has always been in the sharp crises of war that these qualities come to their most conspicuous manifestations, but not to their really noblest. There is just as much scope for these heroic qualities in common life, which really needs just as firm and patient heroism to keep doing from day to day, putting one's likes aside, doing one's duty, always to be depended upon, as it needs to be a good soldier; to hold the fort under the siege of the little commonplace temptations of the day and not to give in to them, to stand one's ground for principle under abuse and vilification, perhaps under suffering and loss, to keep in life's common post when things seem working to a breakdown and it would be easiest to run right away. Yes, this needs quite as much heroism as the soldier needs in the charge or in the trenches, quite as much and even a little more, just in so far as it is harder to obey one's self than to obey another, harder to move at the voice of conscience than at the outspoken word of command.

There is no mystery about the authority that the soldier is under.

It rings out in clear orders or trumpet-tones and leaves no time for parley. But the authoritative conscience can be so easily tampered with; you can argue with it, you can wait till its voice is confused or lost. Besides, this inward authority comes to us singly. These orders of the day that conscience issues do not come to us in companies, do not send us forward in battalions. Alone is the post of duty to be held, the onward step of right to be taken. Alone, for the most part, have the temptations to dishonesty, to passion, to appetite, to be wrestled with and overcome. Who knows when the man of business finds himself in some sudden embarrassment, and is tempted to extricate himself by some little insidious wrong, which he thinks he would soon put right again? Who sees when the young man after office hours feels it dull and lonely in his little room, and thoughts come which stir the passionate foe and tempt him out into the night? It is in these lonely struggles of conscience that the battle is the sorest; and well is it then for him who has grown up in that feeling. "I am a man under authority"; well for him who has listened to that voice of duty till he can hear it clearly; well for him who has trained himself to feel the must not be, or must be of conscience, a sort of sacred command which is to be absolutely and promptly obeyed. I say, it is well for him who has trained himself in this.

I want to speak a word of how much may be done in this way by training, and especially by self-training. I know that some kinds of religious people do not like to hear self-training spoken of, as in the higher or moral life it has a savor of exalting man's own power, and the first principle of some is that man has not any moral power of his own. They would refer the whole matter of strength to do duty and to resist temptation simply to the grace of God. I believe that is one reason why there is so much weak, poor life, and even sin, amongst religious people themselves. They lay too much on God. They expect God's grace to do a great deal that man is meant to do for himself, and can do for himself. Oh! I believe in prayer from my very inmost soul, but I believe in works inwardly as well as outwardly, and in trying, and in patience, self-discipline, along with prayer. Will the grace of God teach the soldier this prompt soldierly moving at a word on

which you pride yourselves? Why, then, shall we think it will teach the soul the quick obedience to the voice of duty? Here, too, something of the drill is necessary, much of exercise, only don't let it be mere outward drill that shall show before the world in respectable living, but outward drill and practice from the spirit of inward loyalty and faith in God, and Christ, and all high and holy things. So, pray, but watch also, as Christ always put it. Accustom yourselves, that is what it means, to do life's least things of every day as promptly as you do these military exercises this one day in the year. No, there is no faculty of moral life for which so much can be done by watchful self-discipline in little things as for this of prompt obedience to conscience; and what a cause of happy and effective life it is, for duty is always easier to do when we do it promptly. Have you a letter to write that you feel some awkwardness about, somewhere to go that you had rather not go, or some painful duty arising, as it constantly does arise in common life, that you shrink from? The longer you hesitate, the worse it will be. But if you have that feeling, "I am a man under authority," if you have trained yourself to obey the calls of duty at a word, half the difficulty is done away with, and life altogether gains a new zest, strength, and power.

Now, when I go on to speak of the highest authority, the mastership and lordship of Christ, it is not as something opposed to what I have been saying, not as something opposed to conscience or overriding it, but simply that in Him has been and is the noblest inspiration and leadership for conscience. That is what he has been from the beginning, and is ever. Christ did not put himself in the place of conscience to His first followers; on the contrary, He appealed to conscience and touched their consciences with such vitality and power as they had never felt before. It may seem paradoxical, but the fact was, that they had never felt so free in their lives, and yet never before so held in the Divine constraint. They went on their Christian way as men under authority. It was that unseen Christ who seemed bidding them to go into the haunts of pestilence with ministering love, and they went. It was He who seemed bidding them to preach the gospel among all nations, and they went and preached it. It was He who seemed calling

them to open witness against sin and idolatry, and they bore their witness even though they might have to be cast next day into the arena of the lions. There is nothing in all war like that long battle which Christ started among men and which His imperishable influence has kept going against all things wrong, false, and evil. It has been the inspiration of reformers, patriots, and philanthropists The noblest life leaderships of these Christian ages, those who have most felt the authority of conscience, those who have most quickened conscience in others, have all felt, not less than others, but more, that constraining and commanding influence and leadership of Christ They have all gone as men under authority, but it has been an authority that has not warped their conscience and their own life, but that has given to these a new certainty, a new point, a clearer, firmer aim.

So it may be forever, and so we need it to-day. Cherish conscience, cherish all the light within yourselves. Train that higher self to be more imperative in its authority. And yet we still want something above self. We want something that, above our shifting likes and dislikes, above the impulses of passion and the confusing beckonings of the world, shall still stand out with a clear pointing to the highest right. We want something that when we change does not change, something that shall stand to us not merely for our own best self, but for mankind's best self, and for the highest revealing of the meaning and the will of God. That is what we have in our Master. Looking to Him, feeling ourselves with Him as men under authority, life's spirit becomes firmer, life's aims become more clear and pointed, life's calls to duty become a little easier to obey, life's claims to helpful kindness touch us with a more pleading power. All life under law is good, but, best of all, life under the law of the spirit of Christ. Conscience, however dim and feeble, and even looking no further than itself, is still a wonderful authority; but the noblest authority of all for man to live under is conscience looking to Christ, conscience setting itself to His discipleship and service, conscience taught, quickened, and inspired by that noblest life on earth and guiding life to that great work of making the world a little more God's kingdom, for which He lived and died. Amen.

ANCIENT AND HONORABLE ARTILLERY SERMONS.

On the first Monday of June, the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company celebrated its two hundred and forty-ninth anniversary, and the usual sermon was preached. Up to June, 1887, two hundred and twenty sermons have been delivered (for thirty years they were omitted), and the records show that one hundred and thirty-eight of them were printed.

For some time there has been a growing interest manifested by many people to collect these sermons, and for the information of such we give the following list of what the several libraries mentioned lack, or are in want of.

Z. G. Whitman, Historian of the corps, is the authority for saying that the sermons of 1695 and 1765 were printed It will be noticed that sermons of above-mentioned years are not to be found in the collections as mentioned below.

General Samuel C. Lawrence has all the printed sermons except 1678, 1695, 1702, 1703, 1704, 1705, 1710, 1765, 1794.

The Massachusetts State Library contains all except 1672, 1674, 1676, 1678, 1691, 1695, 1698, 1699, 1700, 1701, 1702, 1703, 1704, 1705, 1708, 1710, 1720, 1728, 1732, 1733, 1734, 1735, 1736, 1737, 1739, 1740, 1744, 1746, 1747, 1748, 1756, 1758, 1759, 1763, 1765, 1772, 1774, 1788, 1790, 1792, 1793, 1794, 1795, 1796, 1802, 1805, 1809, 1812, 1816, 1823, 1836.

The Massachusetts Historical Society has all except 1674, 1676, 1691, 1695, 1702, 1703, 1704, 1705, 1708, 1765, 1792, 1794.

Harvard College has all except 1672, 1678, 1691, 1695, 1699, 1701, 1702, 1703, 1708, 1765.

The American Antiquarian Society has all except 1676, 1691, 1695, 1698, 1700, 1701, 1702, 1704, 1705, 1708, 1720, 1737, 1748, 1765, 1788, 1795, 1830, 1851.

The Boston Public Library has all except 1674, 1676, 1691, 1695, 1698, 1700, 1701, 1702, 1703, 1704, 1705, 1708, 1710, 1734, 1748, 1765, 1772, 1788, 1790, 1792, 1793, 1804, 1820, 1851, 1863.

The Essex Institute has all except 1672, 1674, 1676, 1678, 1691, 1695, 1698, 1699, 1700, 1702, 1703, 1704, 1705, 1708, 1710, 1720, 1728, 1732, 1734, 1735, 1736, 1737, 1740, 1744, 1746, 1747, 1748, 1756, 1761,

1763, 1765, 1768, 1771, 1772, 1774, 1790, 1793, 1794, 1798, 1799, 1804, 1805, 1808, 1809, 1812, 1816, 1820, 1825, 1826, 1830, 1831, 1834, 1835, 1837, 1839, 1851.

The New England Historic Genealogical Society has all except 1672, 1674, 1676, 1678, 1695, 1698, 1699, 1700, 1701, 1702, 1703, 1704, 1705, 1708, 1710, 1720, 1728, 1732, 1734, 1735, 1736, 1737, 1738, 1739, 1746, 1747, 1752, 1756, 1758, 1759, 1763, 1765, 1768, 1770, 1772, 1788, 1790, 1792, 1796, 1816, 1834, 1836, 1855.

The Rhode Island Historical Society has all except 1672, 1674, 1676, 1678, 1691, 1695, 1698, 1699, 1700, 1701, 1702, 1703, 1704, 1705, 1708, 1710, 1720, 1728, 1732, 1733, 1734, 1735, 1736, 1737, 1738, 1739, 1746, 1748, 1752, 1756, 1759, 1763, 1765, 1768, 1770, 1772, 1788, 1792, 1794, 1796, 1802, 1803, 1804, 1805, 1806, 1808, 1809, 1812, 1814, 1816, 1817, 1818, 1823, 1825, 1826, 1832, 1836, 1863.

Brown University has all except 1672, 1674, 1676, 1678, 1691, 1695, 1698, 1699, 1700, 1701, 1702, 1703, 1704, 1705, 1708, 1710, 1720, 1728, 1733, 1734, 1735, 1736, 1737, 1738, 1739, 1740, 1741, 1746, 1747, 1748, 1751, 1752, 1756, 1758, 1759, 1765, 1771, 1774, 1788, 1789, 1790, 1794, 1796, 1799, 1818, 1830, 1832, 1836, 1839, 1851, 1858, 1862, 1863.

The Boston Athenæum has all except 1666, 1672, 1676, 1678, 1691, 1695, 1699, 1704, 1705, 1728, 1759, 1765.

The Congregational Library has all except 1672, 1674, 1676, 1678, 1691, 1695, 1698, 1701, 1702, 1703, 1705, 1708, 1710, 1765, 1772, 1789, 1793, 1804, 1830, 1834, 1836.

The British Museum Library has all except 1672, 1674, 1676, 1678, 1691, 1695, 1698, 1699, 1700, 1701, 1702, 1703, 1704, 1705, 1708, 1710, 1720, 1732, 1733, 1734, 1736, 1737, 1739, 1740, 1744, 1748, 1751, 1756, 1765, 1767, 1768, 1771, 1772, 1778, 1793, 1794, 1795, 1796, 1798, 1809, 1814, 1817, 1834, 1851, 1855, 1857, 1858, 1859, 1860, 1861, 1862, 1863, 1866.

General Lawrence has the largest collection. His list numbers one hundred and twenty-nine, — lacks but *nine* of the whole number recorded as printed.

A. A. F.